

IN THIS ISSUE 16 MORE PAGES

Keen DETECTIVE FUNNIES

10c

JUNE



DEAN DENTON in
"THE PYRAMID
OF DEATH"

HARRY
KRAMER
CAMPELL



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UNIVERSE.COM

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SMBBPDA MBB GOOD TONOSNPWOI!

Now don't think Uncle Joe forgot how to write English—that line on top is written in our Keen Detective code. If you will refer to your copy of our code (below) you ought to be able to translate the line into English in a few minutes, simply by substituting the letters on line 1, for those on line 2 of our code. Yes, you substitute C for S, A for M, L for B, I for P, N for D, G for A, etc.

Loko'I M Ixospmb Zccok!

Now translate that line back into English, substituting H for L, E for O, R for K, etc. And, here's one more message in code for you to translate

Aon M Iqobb Emamupdo Ckoo!

Well, there's enough code practice for now—by this time you ought to be able to write messages in our code and translate them pretty fast. Don't forget, you can have lots of fun writing secret messages in our code to your friends—they'll be able to translate them if they have a copy of this issue—but nobody else will know what you're writing about.

Now, here's a big surprise! I'm going to send each and every one of my Keen Detectives a copy of UNCLE JOE'S FUNNIES, a big 64-page book of magic tricks, games and puzzles. All you have to do to get this gift copy is to show me that you read some of my other comic magazines.

You know, Uncle Joe is also the editor of *Amazing Mystery Funnies*, *Funny Pages*, *Funny Picture Stories*, *Keen Comics*, *Star Comics*, and *Star Ranger Funnies*. All of these comics may be purchased at the same newsstand where you bought this magazine. If you will buy a copy of the current issue of any two of these magazines, I'll send you UNCLE JOE'S FUNNIES free of charge.

Here's what to do: First, tear off the top half of the front covers of the two comic magazines you have purchased. Next, print your name and address on a piece of paper. Then, put a 2c stamp (which covers the mailing cost of your free book)—the paper with your name and address—and the two comic magazine cover tops into an envelope. Mail it to: Uncle Joe, Suite 1609, 220 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., and I'll rush a free copy of UNCLE JOE'S FUNNIES to you by return mail. Make sure you send for your free book at once—our supply is very limited and I don't want you to be disappointed.

Uncle Joe
Chief of Detectives

THE KEEN DETECTIVE CODE

1. Regular: A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
2. Code: M Y S T O C A L P H G B E D Z X F K I N J W Q R V U

NEW THE "FANTOM OF THE FAIR"

BRAND NEW SUPER MYSTERY THRILLER AGAINST A WORLD FAIR BACKGROUND. FAST!! MODERN!! AMAZING!!

DON'T MISS IT—SEE →

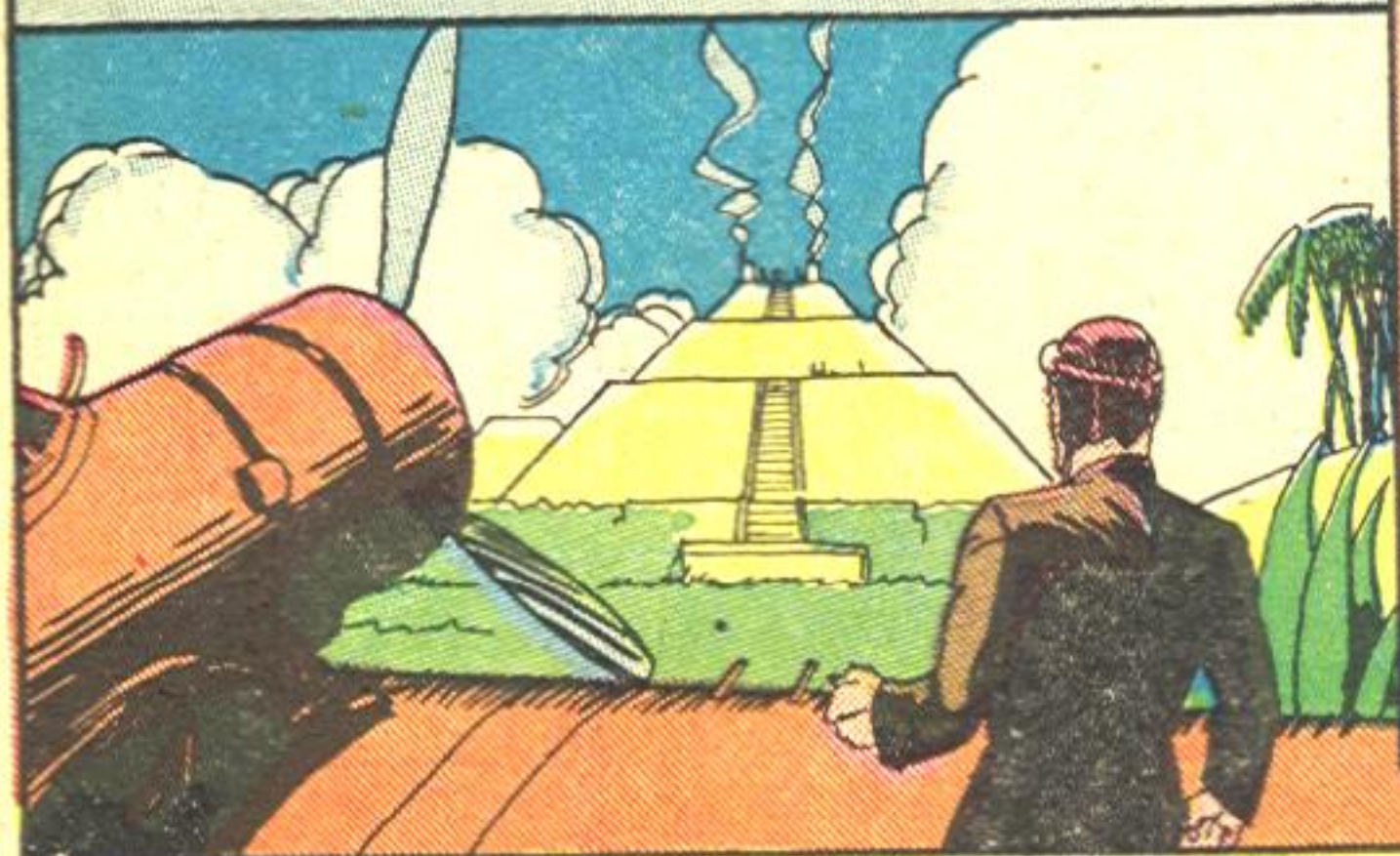


DEAN DENTON

scientific adventurer

THE PYRAMID OF DEATH

by
HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL



DEAN, AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS VENTRILOQUIST, HAS RETIRED FROM STAGE, SCREEN AND RADIO.

HHE SPENDS ALL HIS TIME HELPING OTHERS OUT OF THEIR DIFFICULTIES BY MEANS OF SCIENCE.

RETURNING TO HOLLYWOOD AFTER SOLVING A CASE, HE FINDS THAT HIS ASSISTANT, CAROL KANE, HAS LEFT HOLLYWOOD BY PLANE FOR CENTRAL AMERICA.

CAROL, BITTEN BY THE "MOVIE-BUG", HAS BEEN GIVEN A PART IN COLOSSAL STUDIOS' NEWEST FILM AND HAS GONE ON LOCATION.

DEAN IS CALLING ON THE HEAD OF COLOSSAL STUDIOS, HIS FRIEND AL STERN —

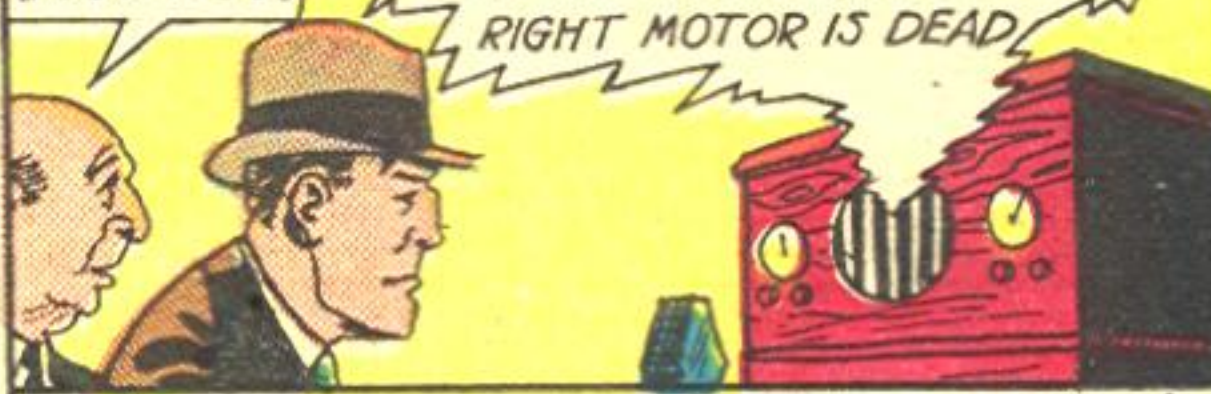
WHAT THE DEVIL, AL! WHY DID YOU SEND CAROL DOWN THERE? I NEED HER **HERE!**

NOW DON'T GET EXCITED, DEAN! LOOK—I'LL GET HER PLANE FOR YOU NOW, ON THE RADIO!



NCX2R—CALLING AL STERN, COLOSSAL STUDIOS! OUR PLANE IS BEING ATTACKED BY THREE PURSUIT PLANES, ARMED WITH MACHINE GUNS! —WE ARE NEAR AN ISLAND IN THE GULF OF MEXICO—NO TIME TO TAKE BEARINGS—OUR RIGHT MOTOR IS DEAD!

OY! SUCH A BUSINESS!



AND—JUST AS AL STERN TUNES IN!

CALLING NCX2R!—PLANE NCX2R!—KEEP SENDING AS LONG AS YOU CAN—KEEP ON THE AIR! DEAN DENTON CALLING NCX2R—KEEP ON THE AIR!

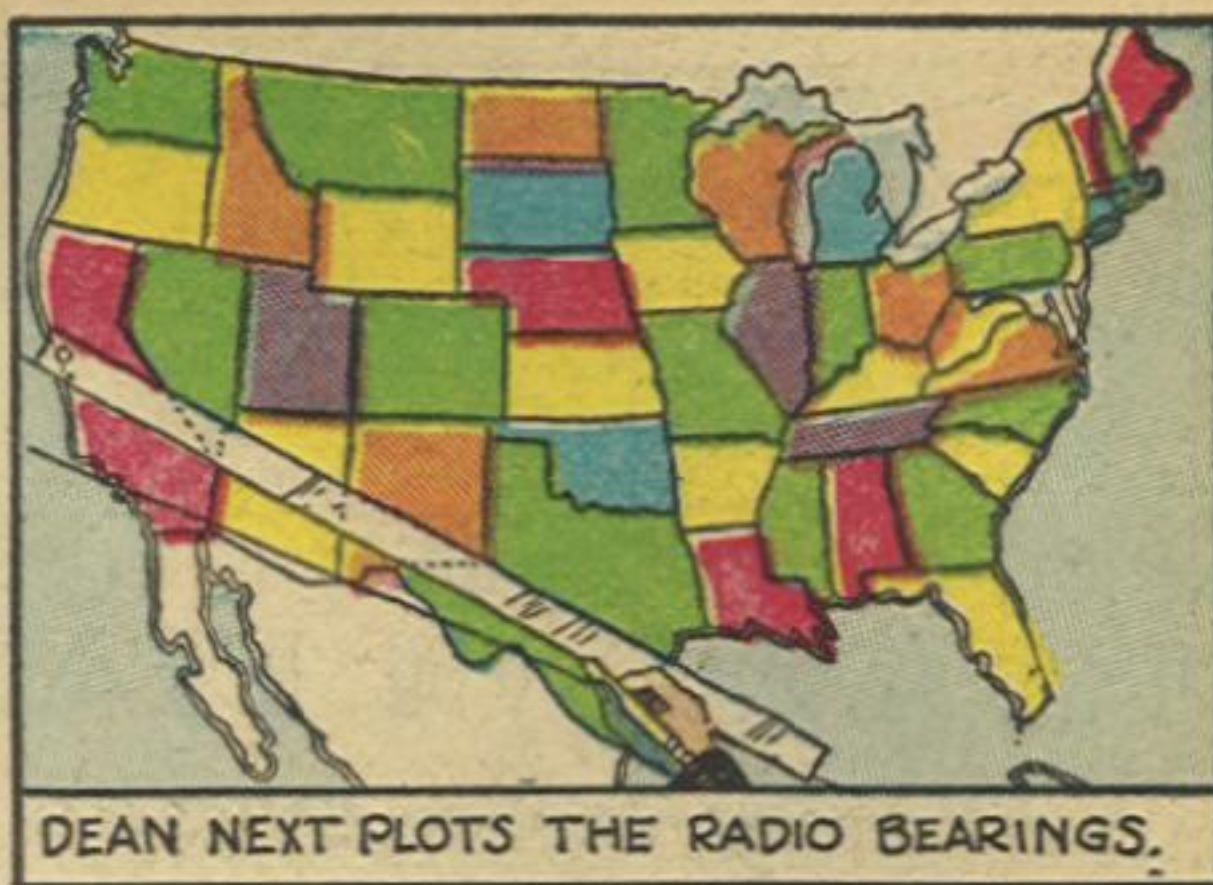


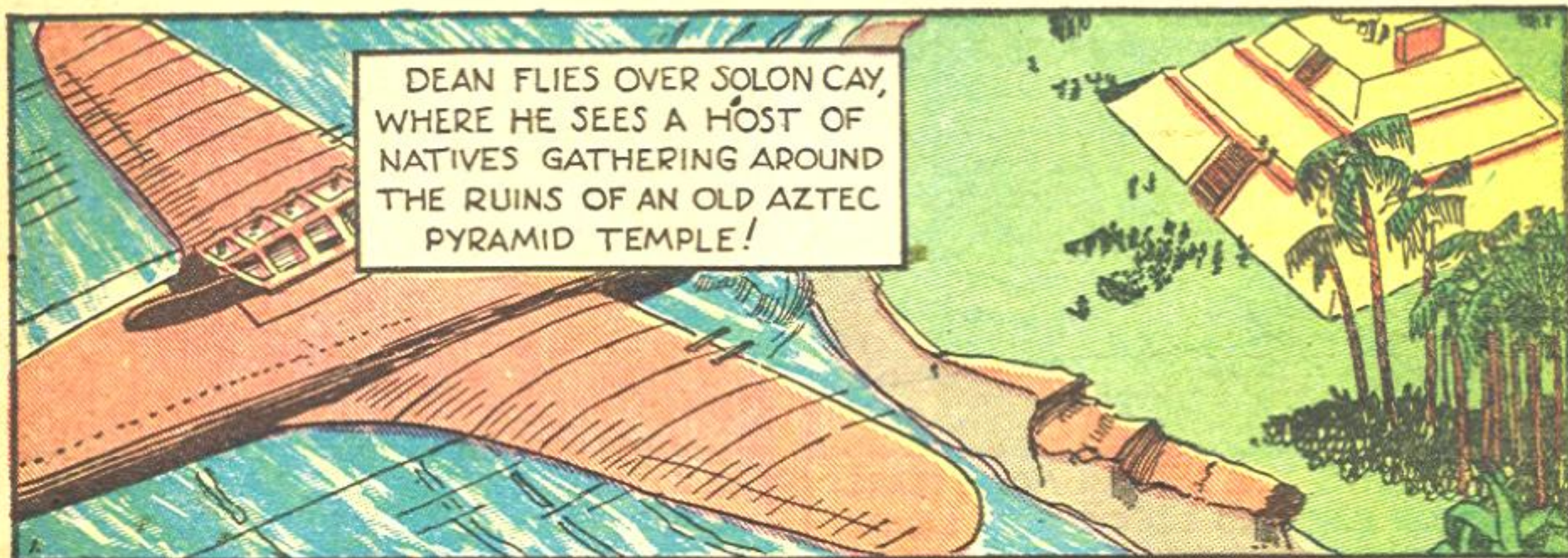
DEAN HASTILY RADIOS INSTRUCTIONS —

HELLO, KYZ? DEAN DENTON PHONING FROM HOLLYWOOD—TUNE IN ON NCX2R AT ONCE—15.6 METERS. **GET A DIRECTIONAL BEARING, AND HURRY!** CALL ME BACK AS SOON AS YOU GET IT!



THEN CALLS ANOTHER RADIO STATION.

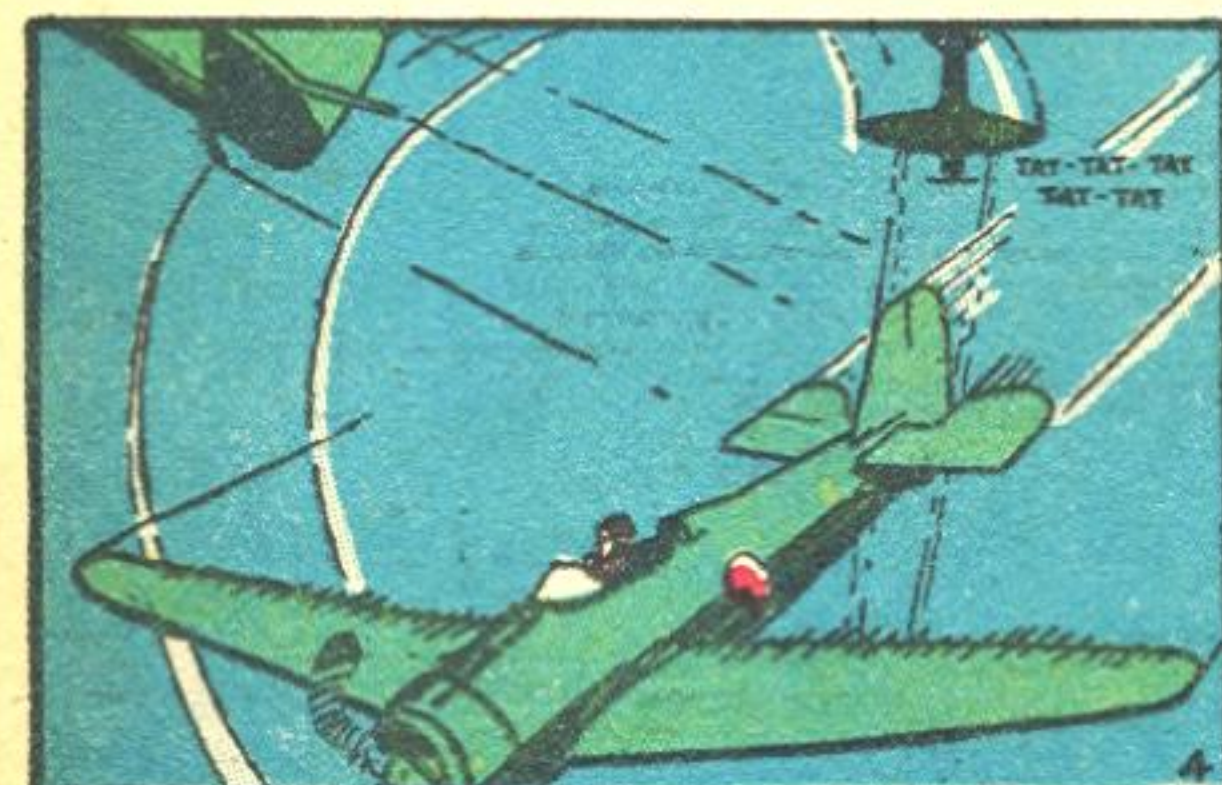




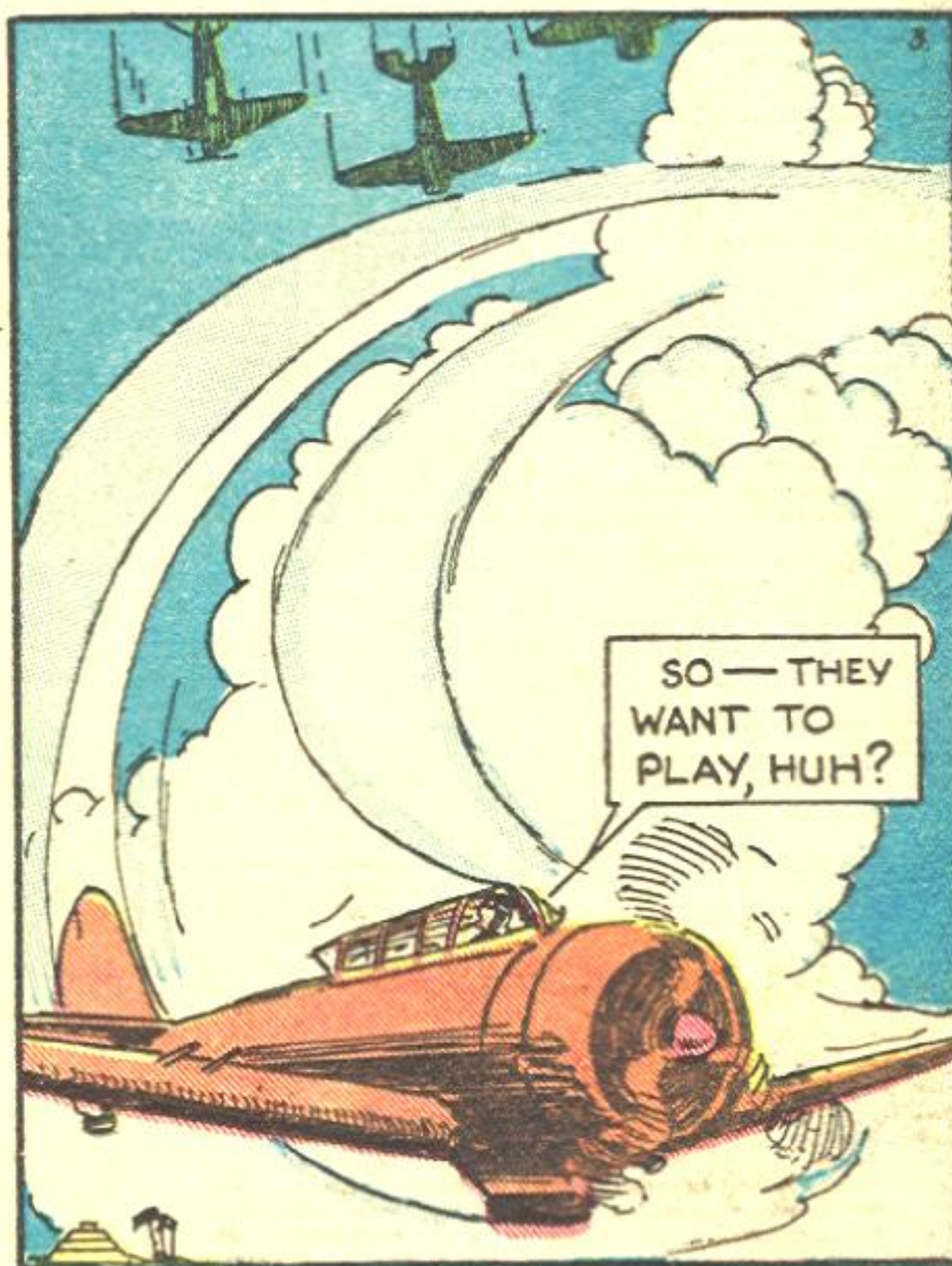
DEAN FLIES OVER SOLON CAY, WHERE HE SEES A HOST OF NATIVES GATHERING AROUND THE RUINS OF AN OLD AZTEC PYRAMID TEMPLE!



GREAT GUNS! THAT'S AN AZTEC TEMPLE IF THOSE DEVILS ARE REVIVING THEIR OLD SACRIFICIAL RITES, LORD HELP CAROL! AZTECS AND AIRPLANES—I DON'T GET IT!

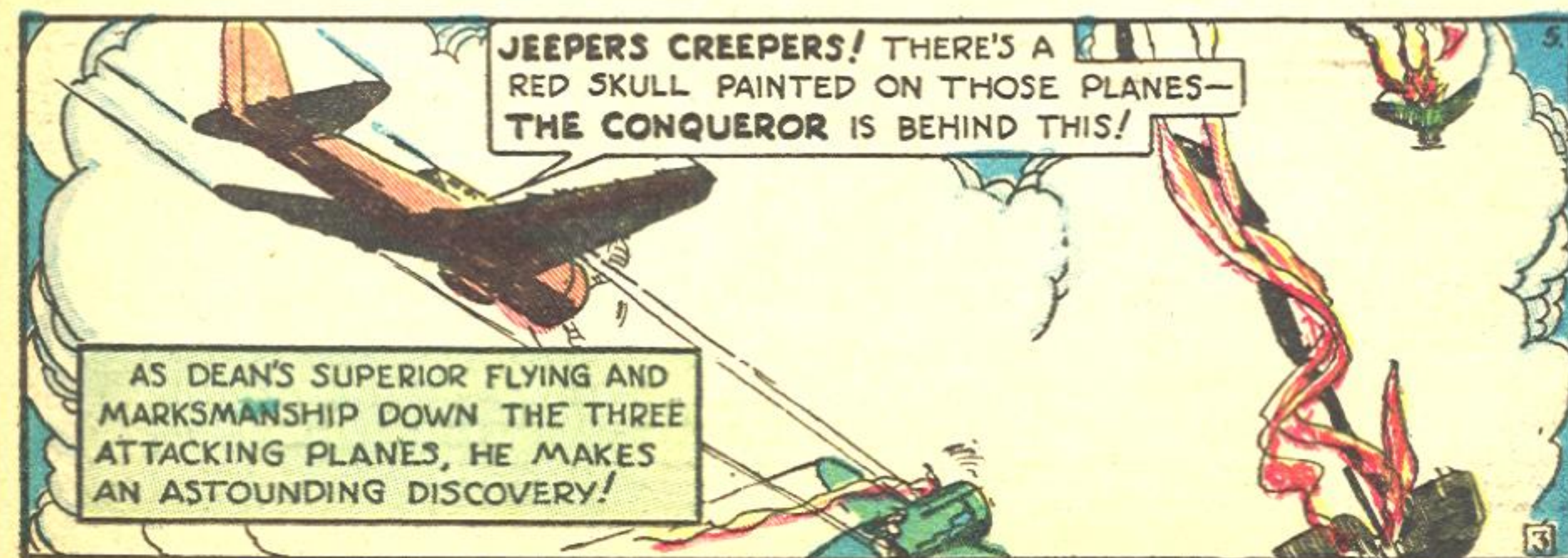


DEAN LOOPS AND DIVES, HIS GUNS BLAZING!



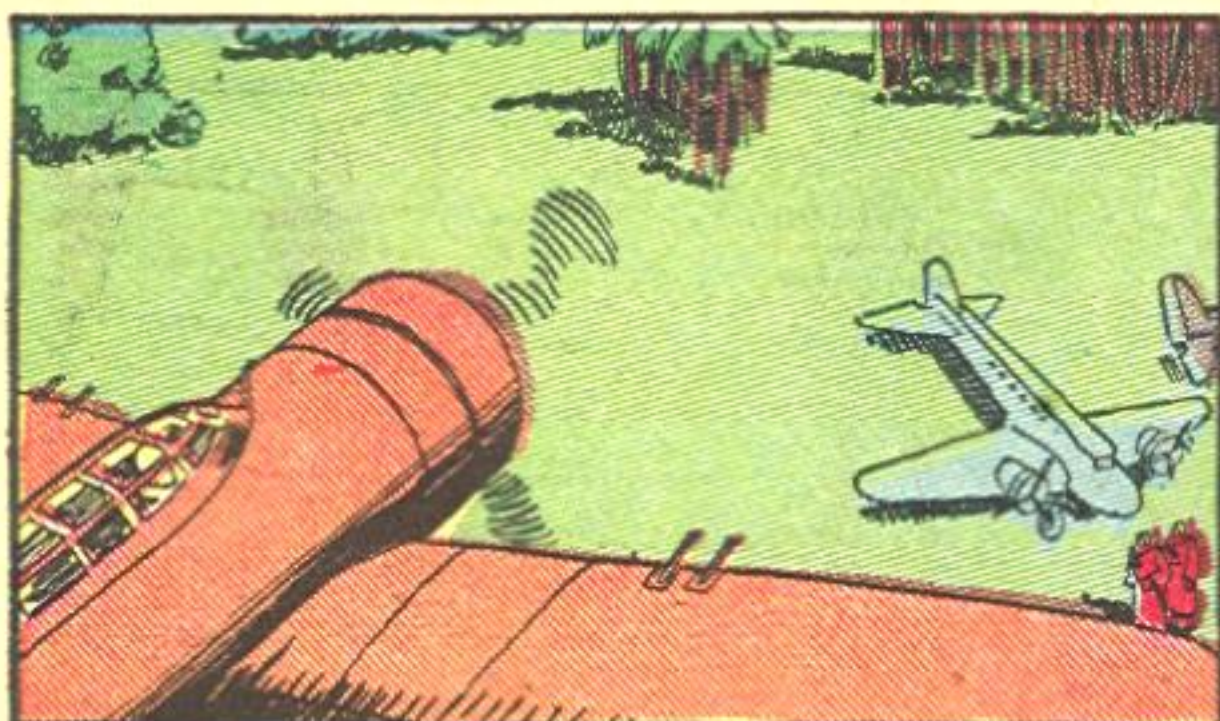
SO—THEY WANT TO PLAY, HUH?

THREE PLANES SWOOP DOWN ON DEAN—NOT KNOWING HE IS ARMED AND READY TO FIGHT!



JEEPERS CREEPERS! THERE'S A RED SKULL PAINTED ON THOSE PLANES—THE CONQUEROR IS BEHIND THIS!

AS DEAN'S SUPERIOR FLYING AND MARKSMANSHIP DOWN THE THREE ATTACKING PLANES, HE MAKES AN ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY!



DEAN SIGHTS THE MISSING MOVIE PLANES ON SOLON CAY, AND DECIDES TO LAND.



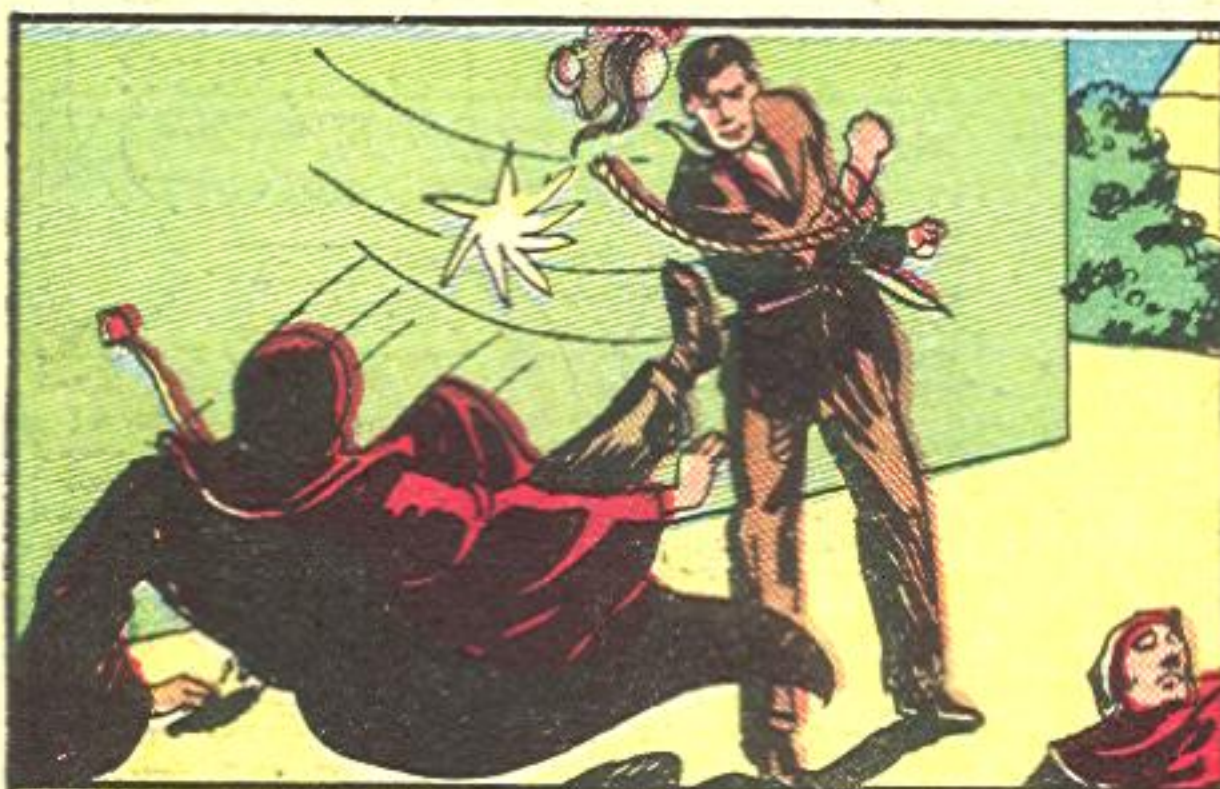
HE ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE CAPTURED, IN HOPE OF BEING TAKEN TO CAROL!



THE MOVIE CREW ARE ALSO PRISONERS!



DEAN'S VENTRILOQUISM FOOLS THE GUARDS!



HE SLIPS HIS BONDS, OVERPOWERS HIS CAPTORS

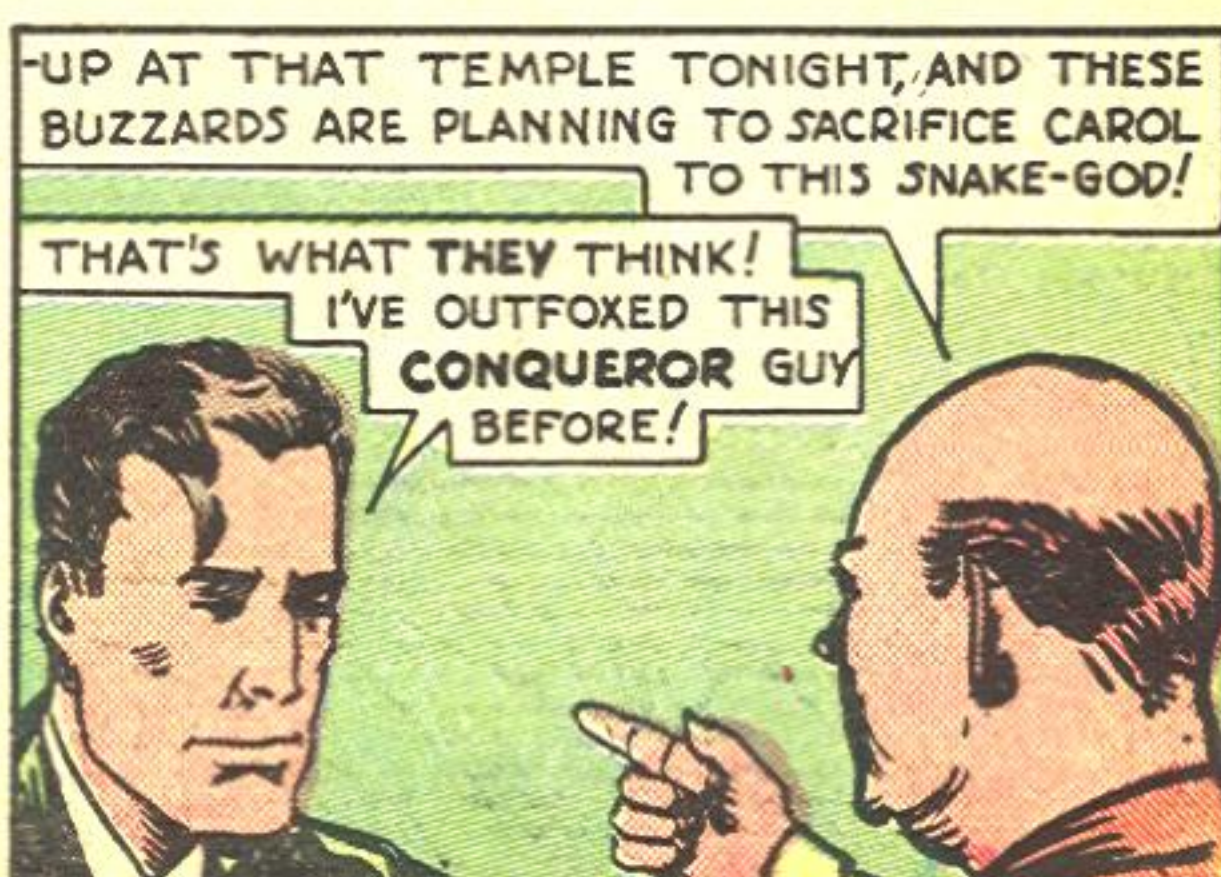


— AND RELEASES HIS FELLOW PRISONERS!



GIVE ME THE WHOLE LAYOUT!

SOME NUT, CALLED "THE CONQUEROR," HAS SOLD THESE INDIANS ON THE IDEA THAT HE'S THEIR ANCIENT GOD—QUETZALCOATL—COME BACK TO EARTH—OF COURSE IT'S JUST A PLAY FOR THE GOLD THAT THE OLD-TIME AZTECS BURIED! THERE'S GOING TO BE A BIG SHINDIG—



—UP AT THAT TEMPLE TONIGHT, AND THESE BUZZARDS ARE PLANNING TO SACRIFICE CAROL TO THIS SNAKE-GOD!

THAT'S WHAT THEY THINK! I'VE OUTFOXED THIS CONQUEROR GUY BEFORE!

THE SACRIFICES WILL BE MADE AFTER DARK—H'M—I'VE A SCHEME WHICH OUGHT TO WORK!

A HUGE PALM TREE GROWING NEAR THE TEMPLE FURNISHES DEAN WITH AN INSPIRATION

ARE YOUR PROJECTORS AND BATTERIES O.K.? AND IS THERE A SPOOL OF FINISHED FILM IN THE PLANES?

SURE! WE CAN GET THEM HERE IN SHORT ORDER.

YOU FELLOWS TIE UP THOSE GUARDS I KNOCKED OUT, AND THEN COME AND HELP ME UNLOAD THE STUFF

O.K., DENTON

EVERYTHING'S SET NOW—YOU MEN KNOW WHAT TO DO WHEN IT GETS DARK!

SURE!

THE CAMERAMEN QUICKLY UNLOAD, AND SET—

UP THEIR EQUIPMENT BY THE BIG PALM TREE.

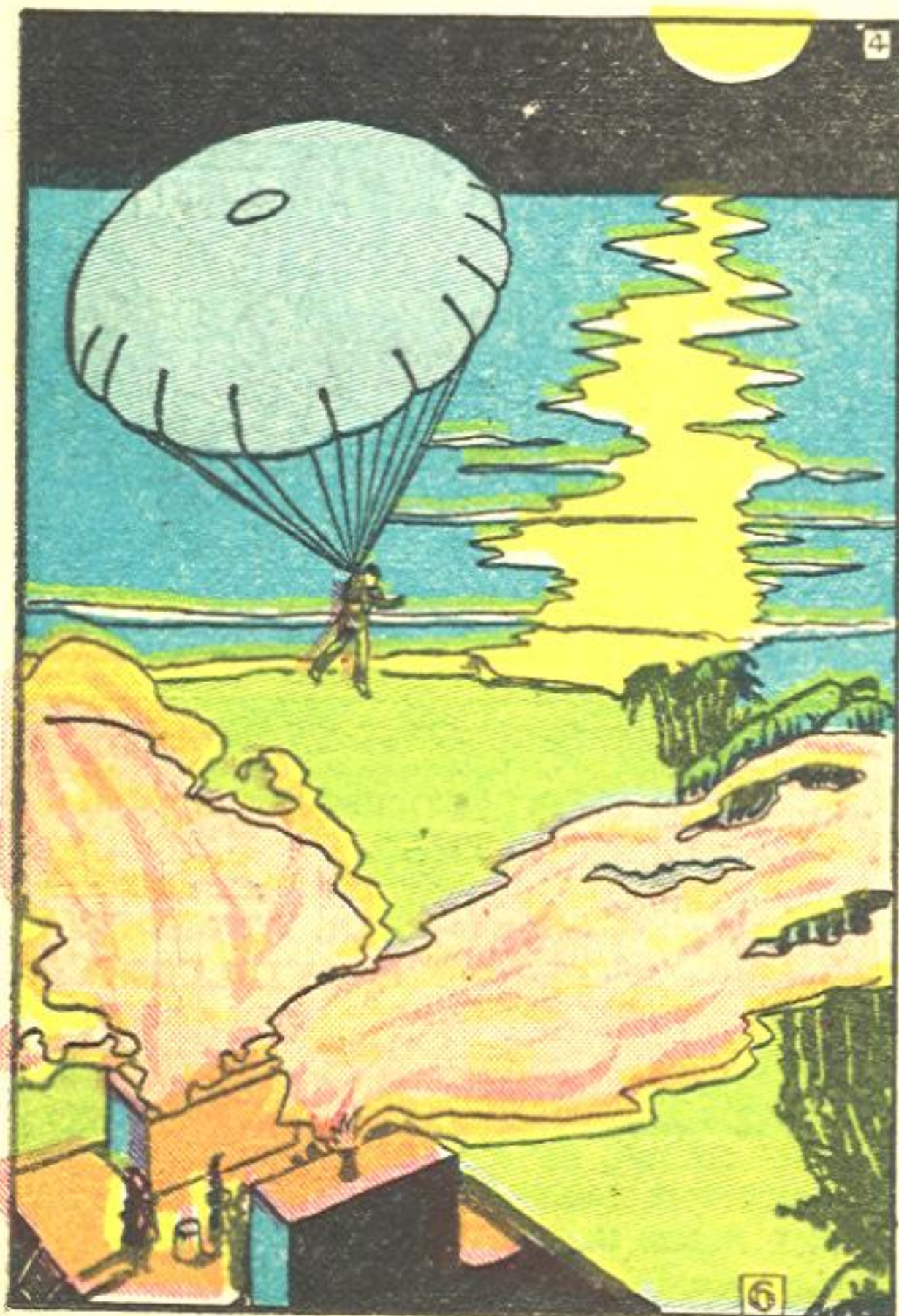
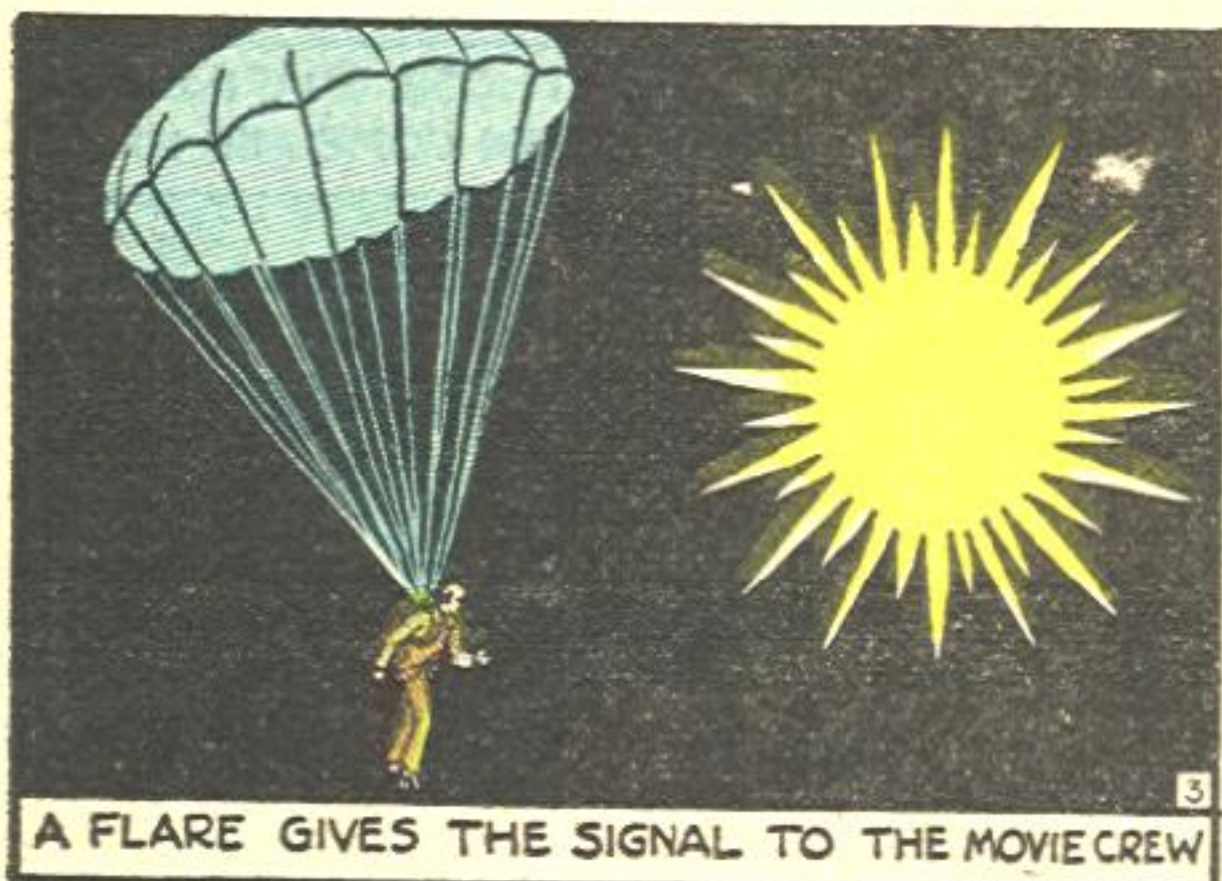
I'M GOING TO TAKE OFF NOW!—WHEN I DROP MY FLARE, THATS THE SIGNAL TO SHOOT THE WORKS!

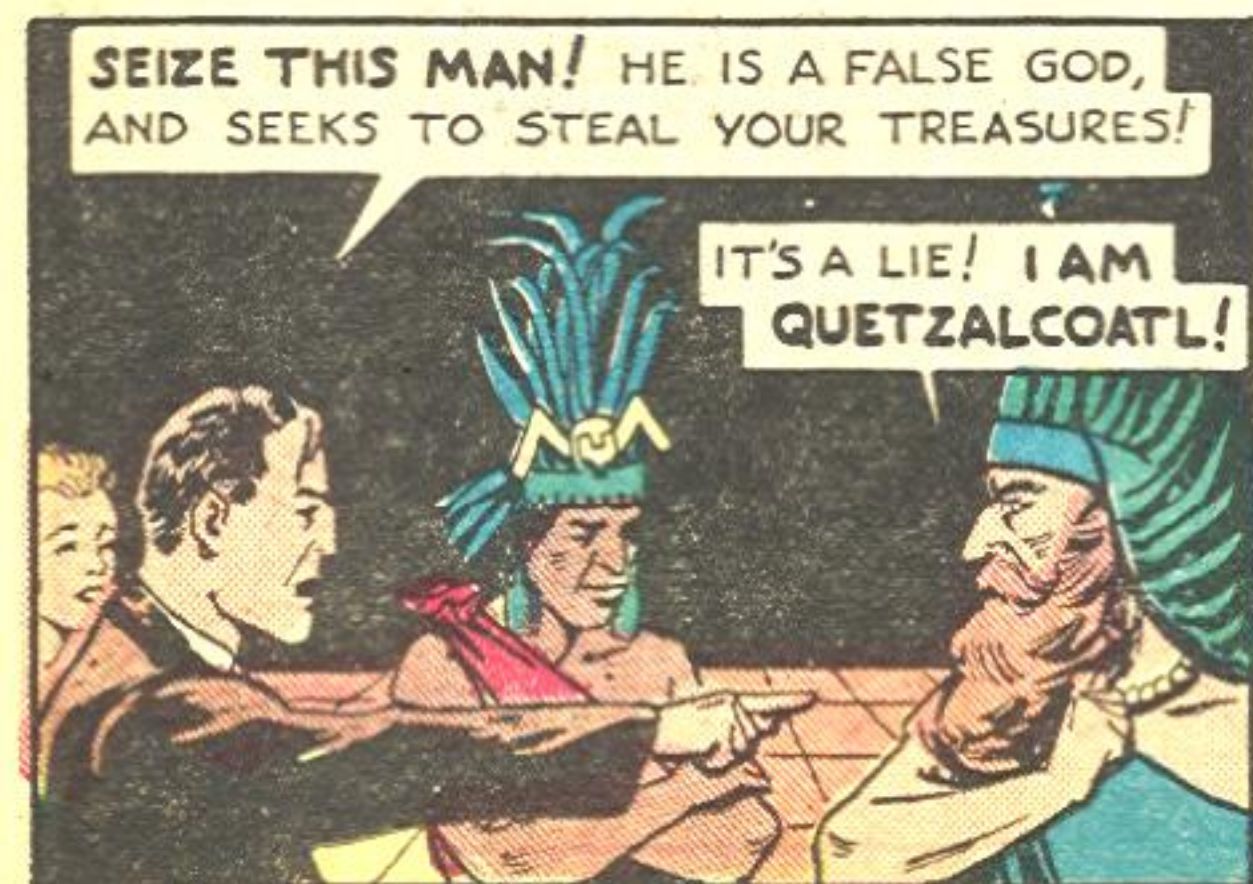
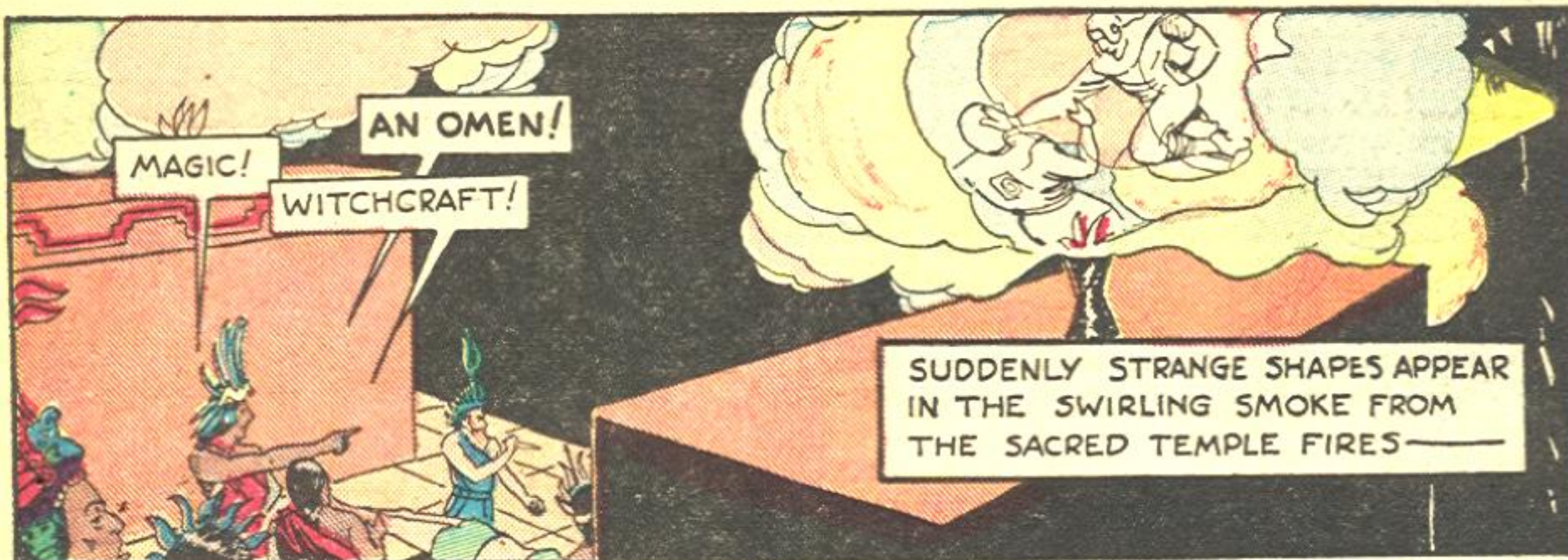
GOOD LUCK, DEAN!
WE'RE ALL SET.

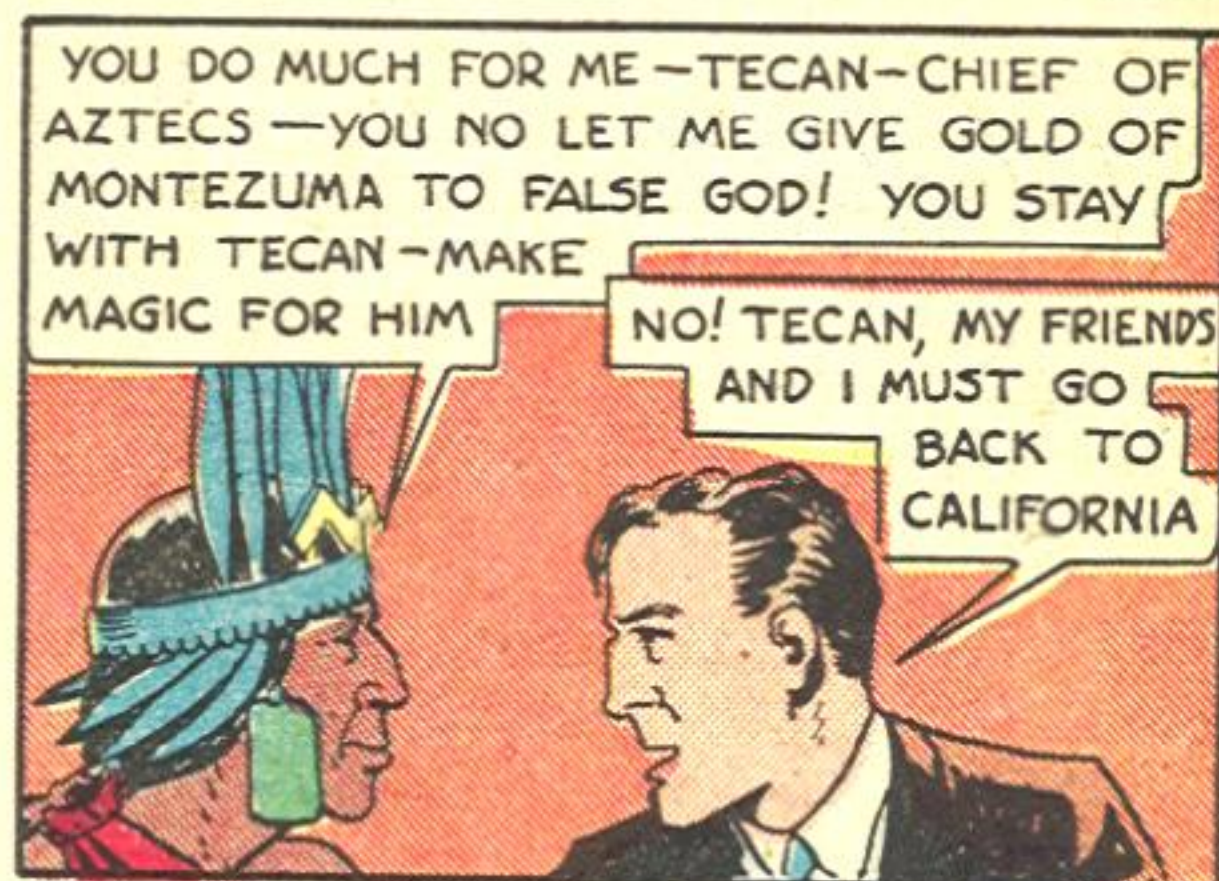
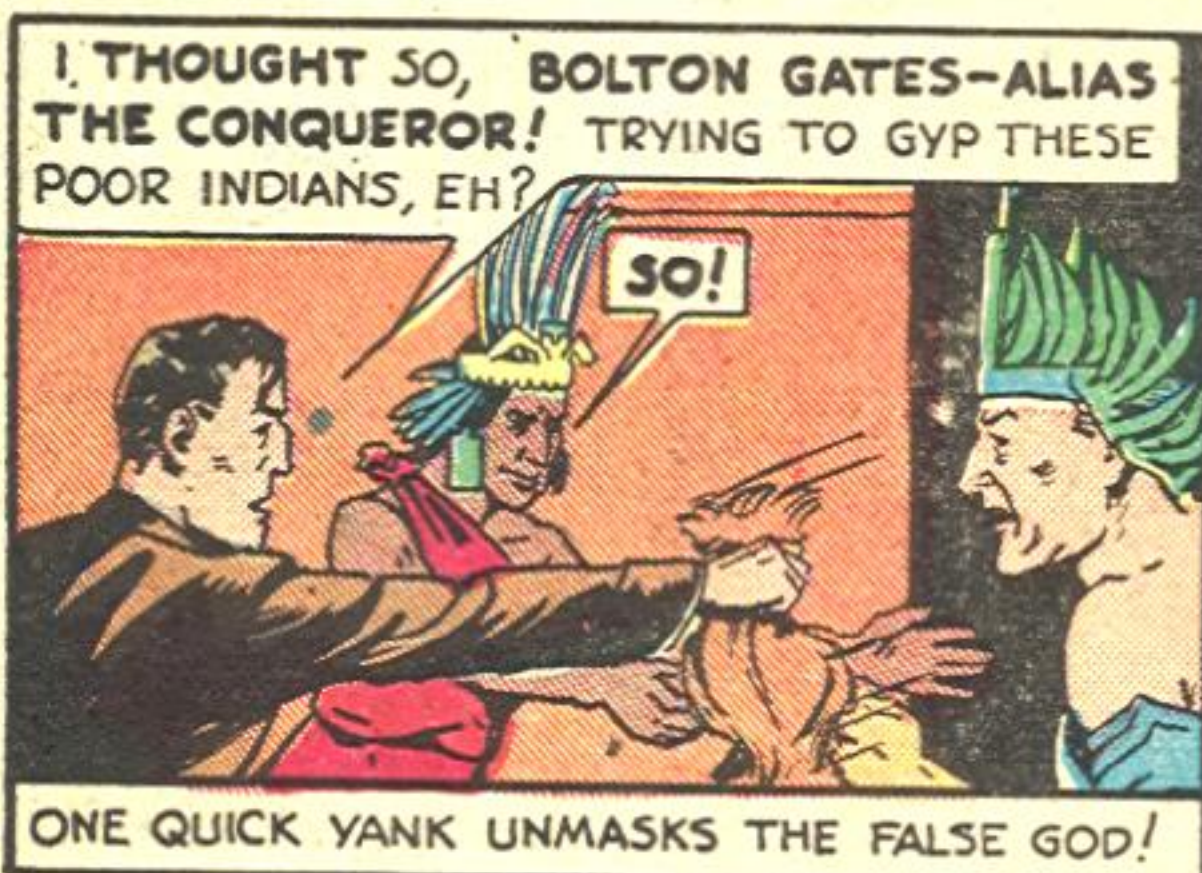
BY DUSK THEIR PLANS ARE ALL FINISHED. 5

HAIL TO MIGHTY
QUETZALCOATL!

THE CROWD OF AZTECS
AWAIT THE SACRIFICE AS
THE MOON BEGINS TO RISE.





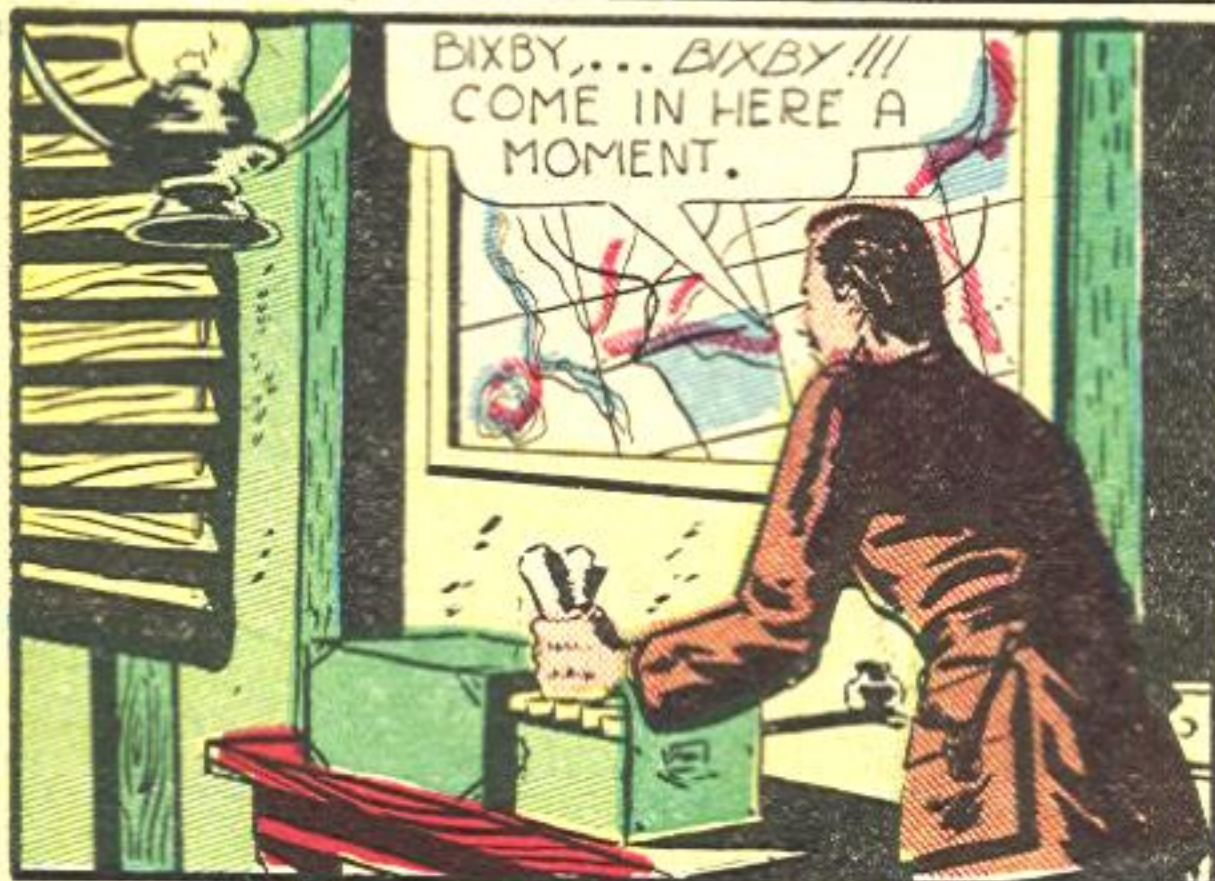


CAPTAIN FORSYTH & SERGEANT MACLEAN

SPY HUNTERS



FIELD



BIXBY... BIXBY!!!
COME IN HERE A
MOMENT.



DID YOU
CALL, CAPTAIN?

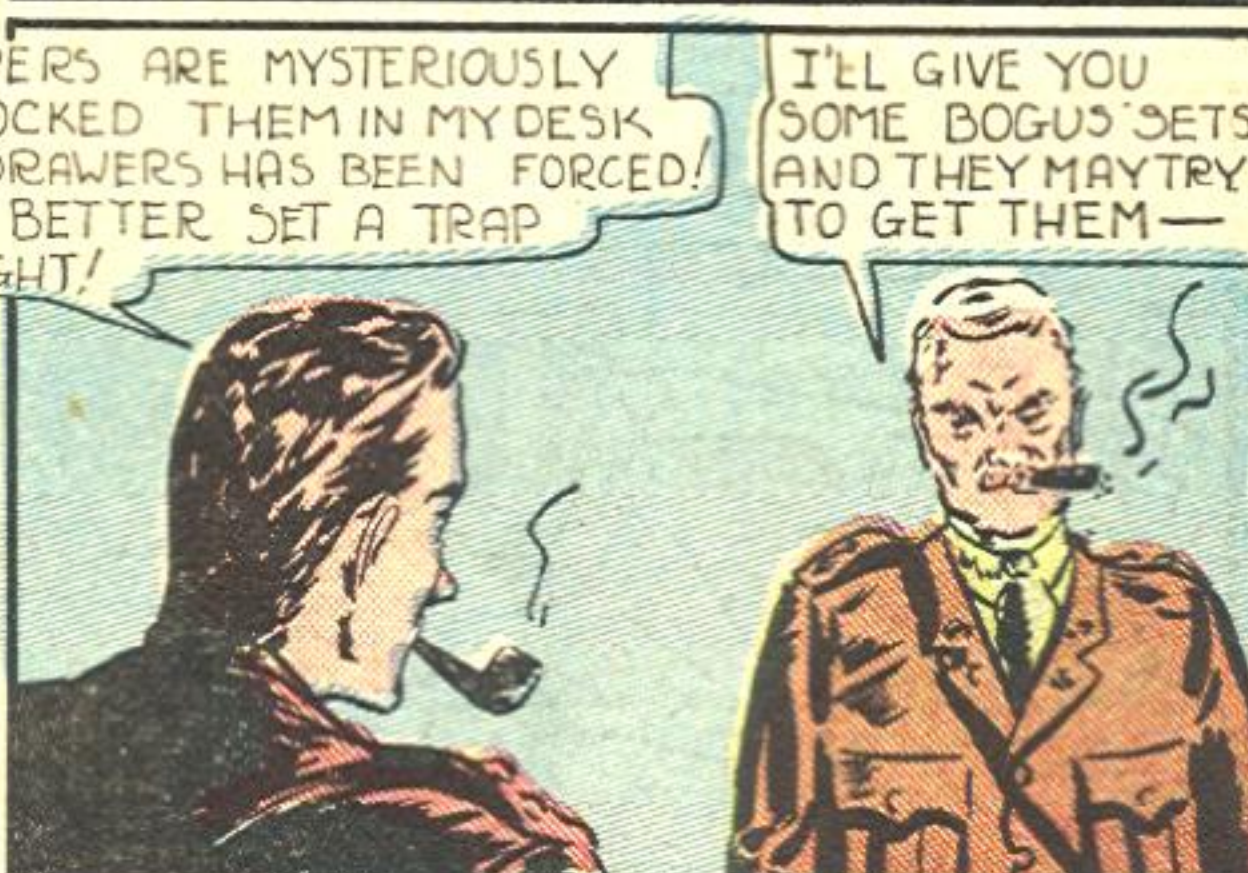
NO SIR
HI DIDN'T
SIR

BIXBY, HAVE YOU SEEN
OR MAYBE THROWN OUT
ANY BLUE
PAPERS?

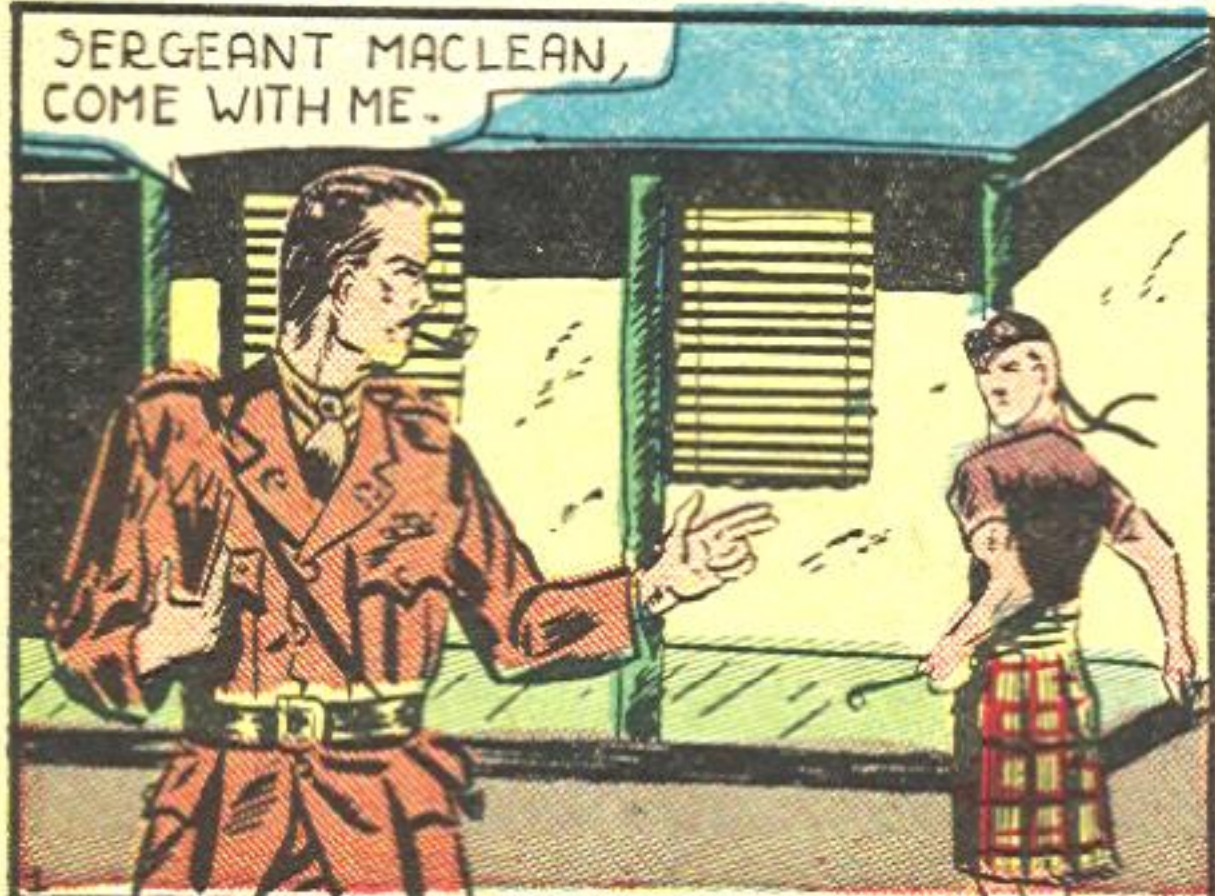


WELL CAPTAIN,
WHAT'S ON
YOUR MIND?

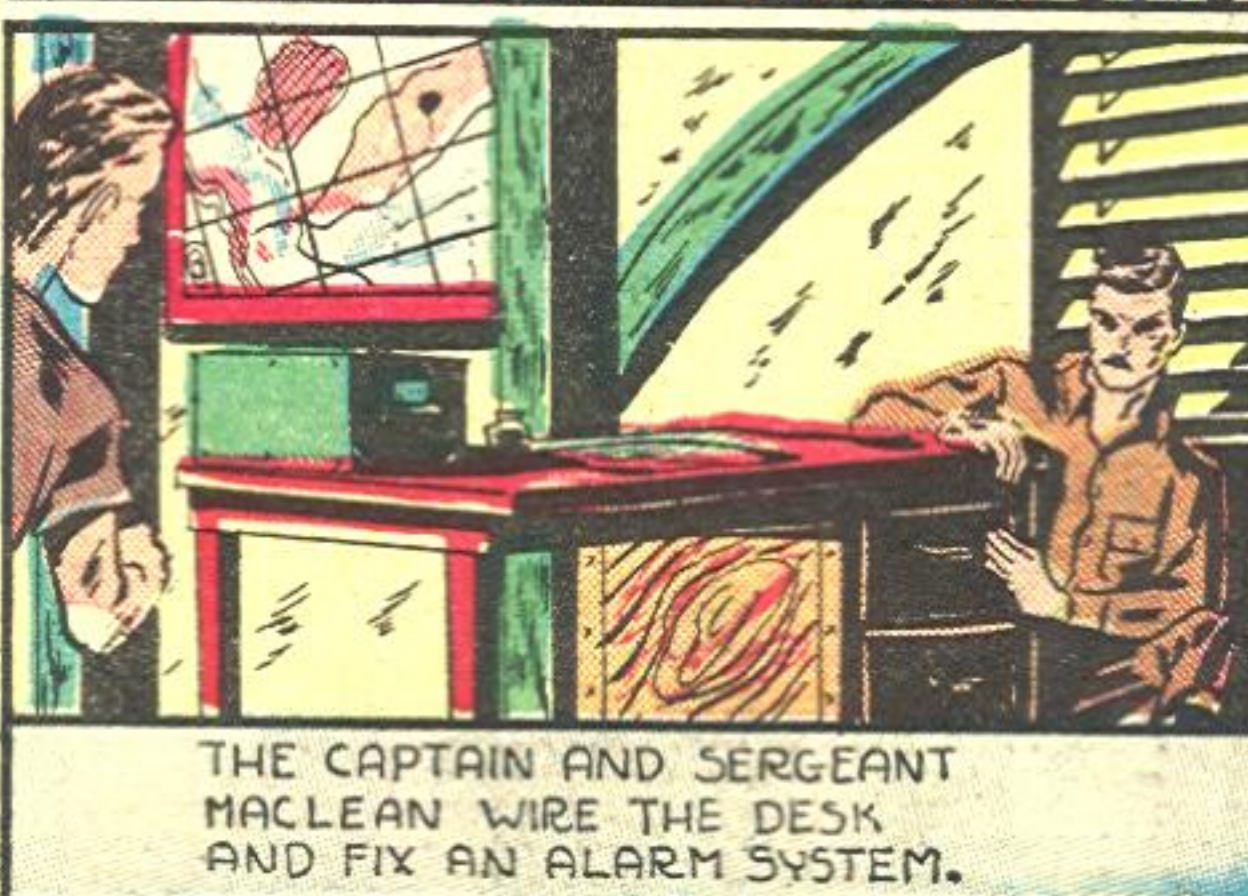
THOSE CONFIDENTIAL PAPERS ARE MYSTERIOUSLY
DISAPPEARING... I'VE LOCKED THEM IN MY DESK
BUT EVERY TIME THE DRAWERS HAS BEEN FORCED!
I THINK THAT WE HAD BETTER SET A TRAP
TO-NIGHT!



I'LL GIVE YOU
SOME BOGUS SETS
AND THEY MAY TRY
TO GET THEM—



SERGEANT MACLEAN,
COME WITH ME.



THE CAPTAIN AND SERGEANT
MACLEAN WIRE THE DESK
AND FIX AN ALARM SYSTEM.



EARLY IN THE MORNING A FIGURE
CLIMBS THRU THE WINDOW AND GOES
TO THE DESK....



CROUCHING BY THE DESK, HE OPENS
THE DRAWER — THE ALARM GOES
OFF!



WE WERE TOO SLOW, SERGEANT
LET'S SEARCH THE PLACE,
MAY BE SOME CLUES.

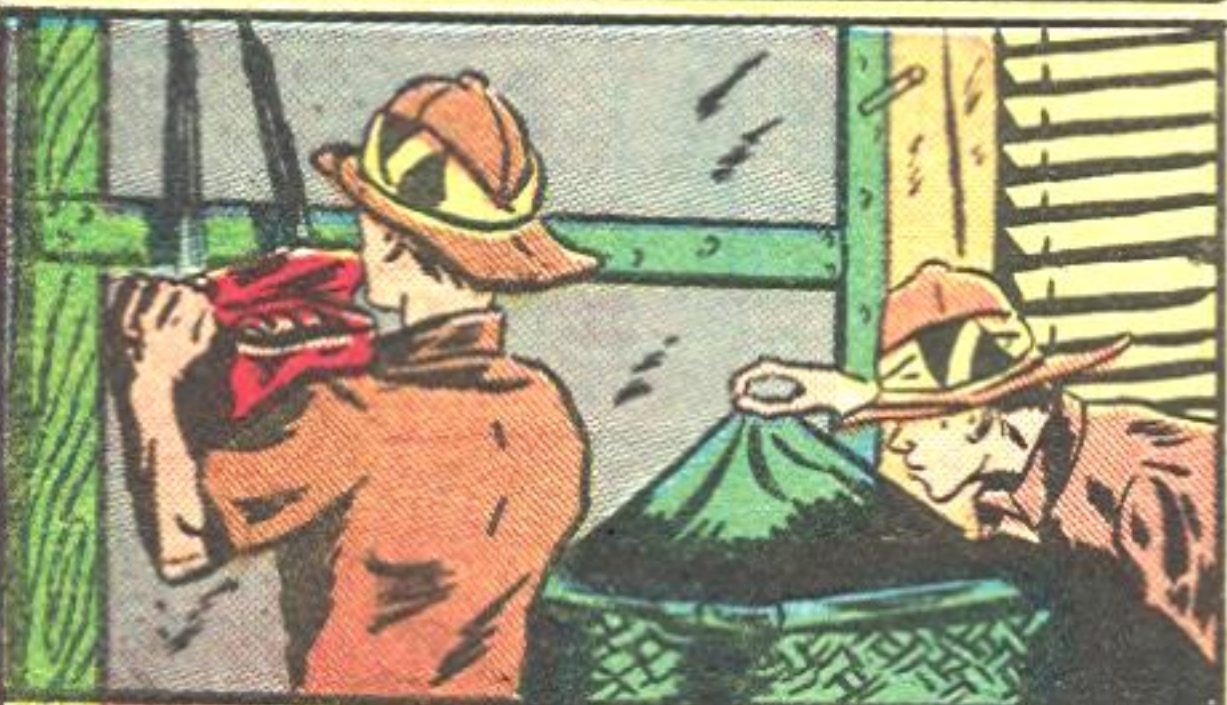


CAPTAIN, HERE IS
A SANDAL, SIR!

NO FIT, EH!?...WELL,
WE'VE TRIED EVERY
NATIVE IN THE POST
AND THE SANDAL
DOESN'T FIT ONE!



THE
NEXT
DAY



A DETAIL OF MEN START TO
SEARCH THE HUTS OF
ALL THE NATIVES.

THAT IS ALL MEN...MESS WILL
BE IN A FEW MINUTES — AND
WE'VE LOOKED
EVERY WHERE.



I SEE THAT YOU HAD YOUR MEN PRACTICING CODE THIS MORNING.

WHY NO- THEY WERE CLEANING EQUIPMENT.

IN THE OFFICERS' MESS

THAT IS MOST PECULIAR ... I HAD MY MEN UP ON THE EAST HILLS THIS MORNING AND I SAW FLASHES OF LIGHT ON THE WEST HILL- AND I KNOW, IT WAS CODE!

COME WITH ME LEFTENANT AND SHOW ME JUST WHERE YOU SAW THAT LIGHT.

IT WAS RIGHT OVER THERE IN THAT BRUSH.

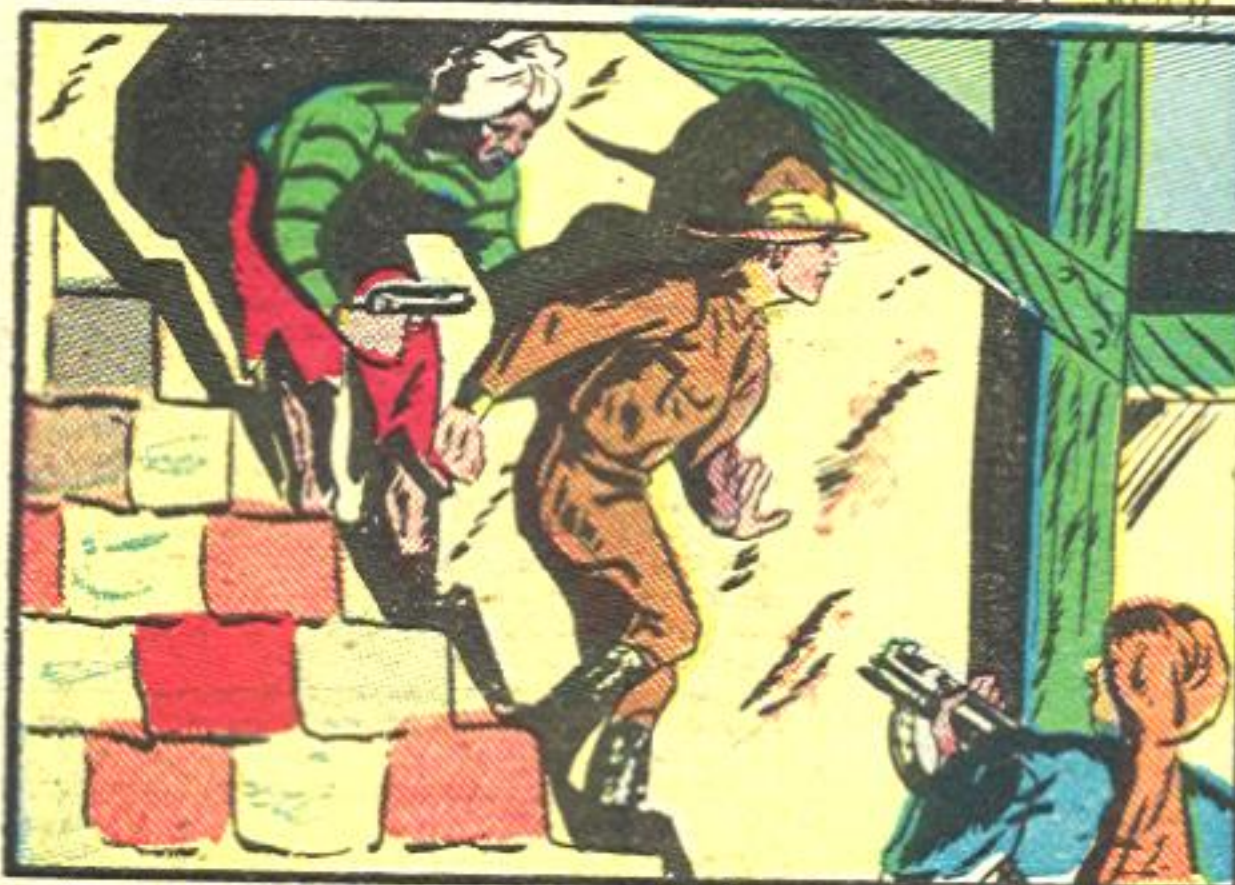
I'M GOING OVER, YOU SEND SERGEANT MACLEAN.

THE CAPTAIN CLIMBS UP THE HILL TO THE SPOT THAT WAS POINTED OUT.

OH HO! A HELIO-GRAPH SET!

FIXED TO BLINK RIGHT AT THAT OLD HUT DOWN THERE!

HELLO SERGEANT, TURN BACK- WE'RE GOING ACROSS THE VALLEY.





GO BACK AND GET THAT TIN OF 'T.N.T.' AND A FUSE ... WE'LL EMPTY IT—STICK THE FUSE IN, AND GIVE THEM A SCARE THAT THEY WILL REMEMBER!



IN THE MEAN-
WHILE THE CAP-
TAIN AND SER-
GEANT HAVE
BEEN MISSED.
A SOLDIER
HAS FOUND MAC-
LEAN'S HELMET.
THE SEARCH
IS ON... A DE-
TAIL STARTS
TO MAKE A CON-
CENTRATED
SEARCH



STICK THE FUSE IN AND LIGHT
IT... THEN I'LL TAKE IT—
YOU FOLLOW.

HOPE
ALL THIS
WORKS OUT



ON YOUR WAY, YA
HEATHENS—I'LL
GIVE YOU THREE
1, 2...



3!



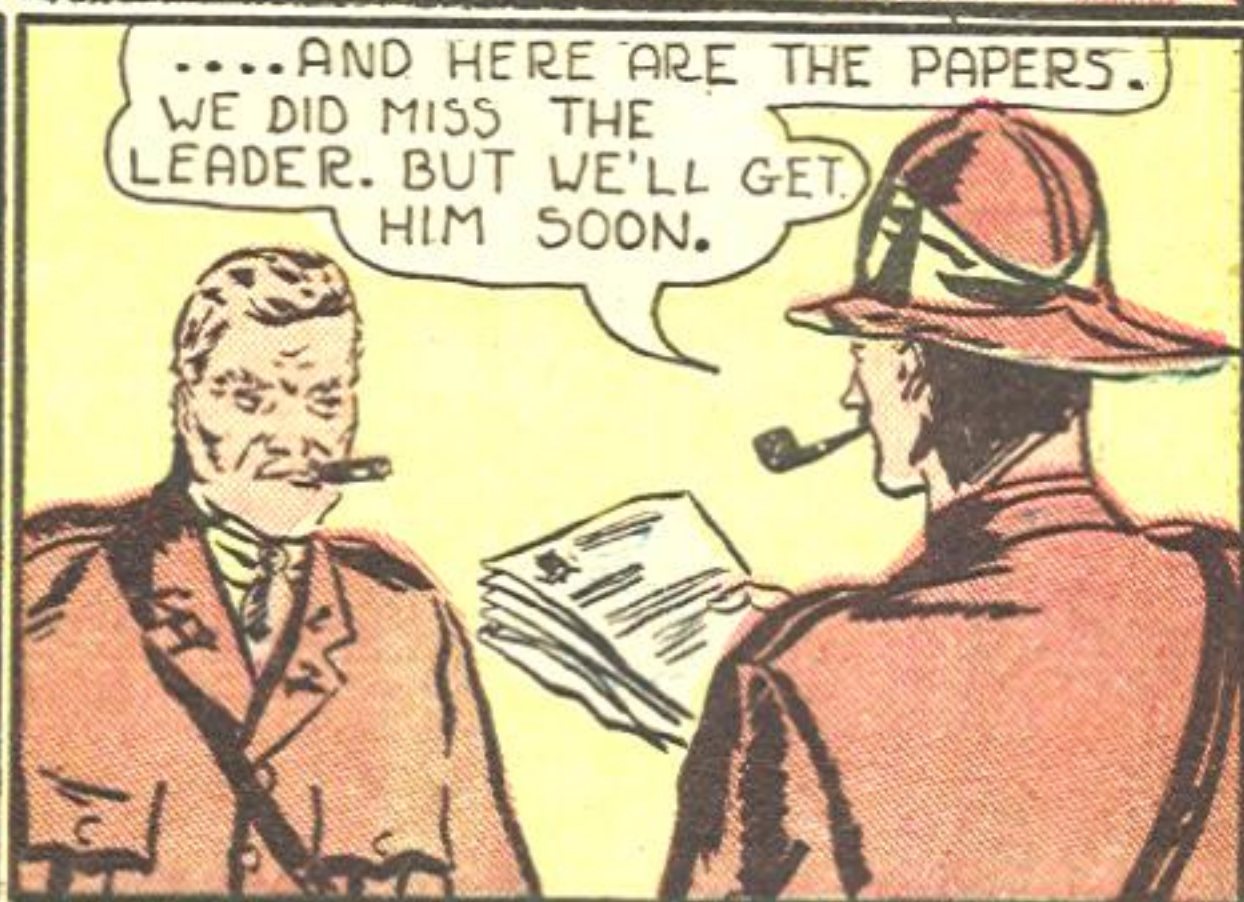
UP THE STEPS—THRU THE HUT
AND INTO THE HANDS OF THE
TROOPS GO THE NATIVES.

THEY ARE ALL TAKEN, SIR.
THE COLONEL WOULD LIKE
TO SEE YOU.

RIGHTO!

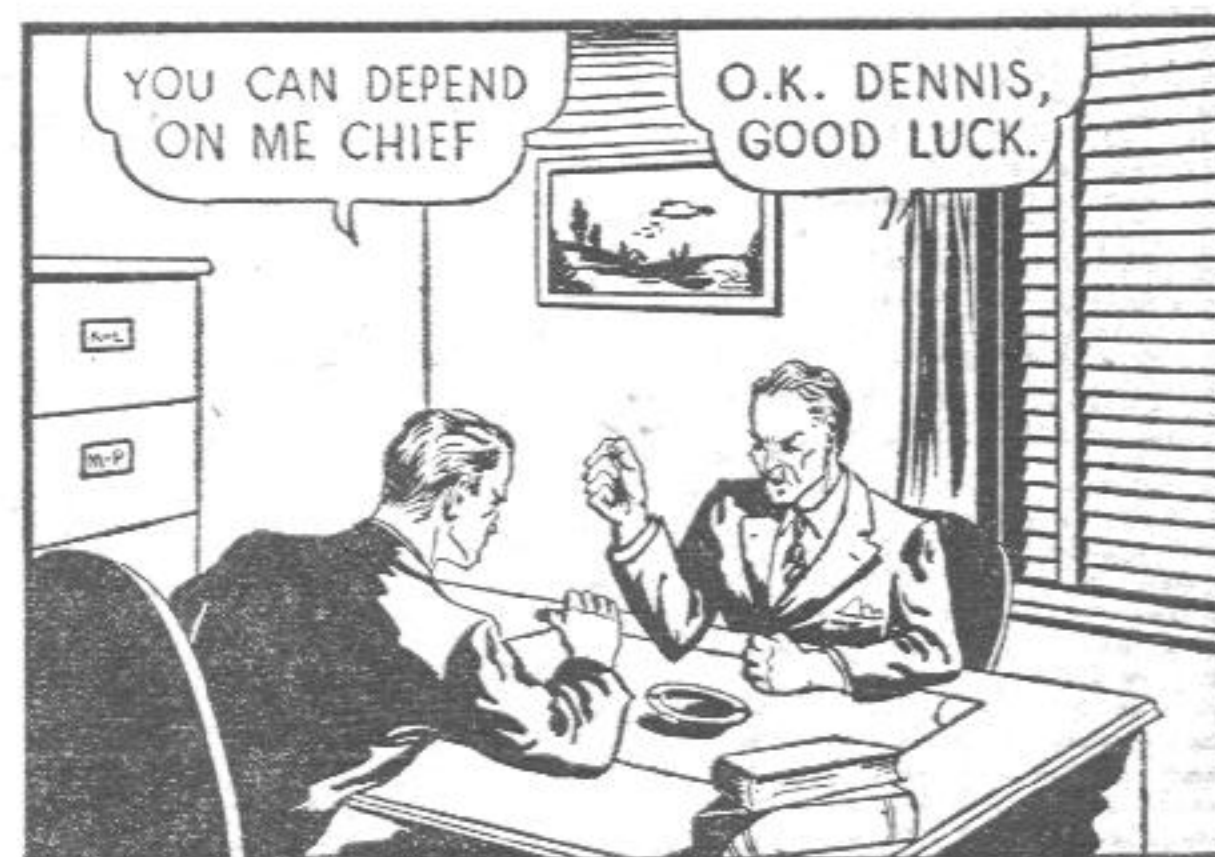
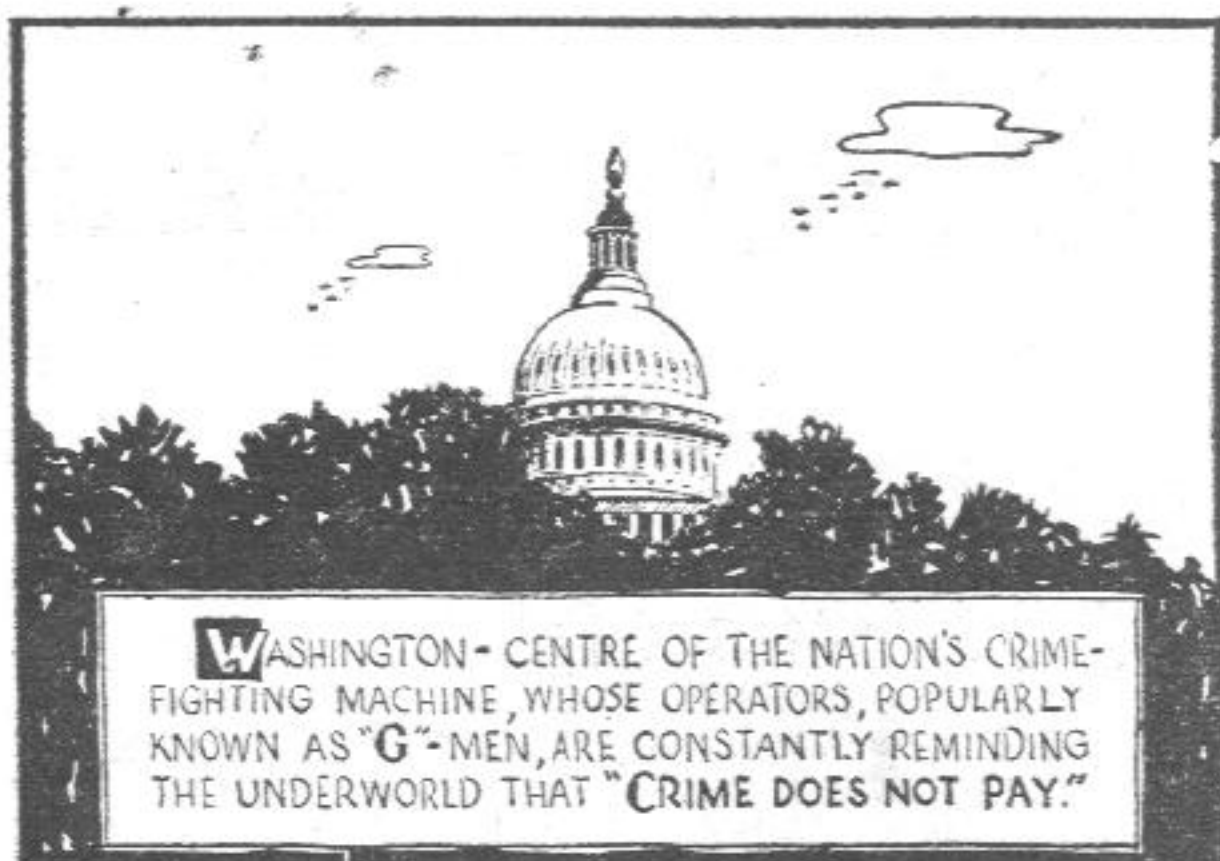


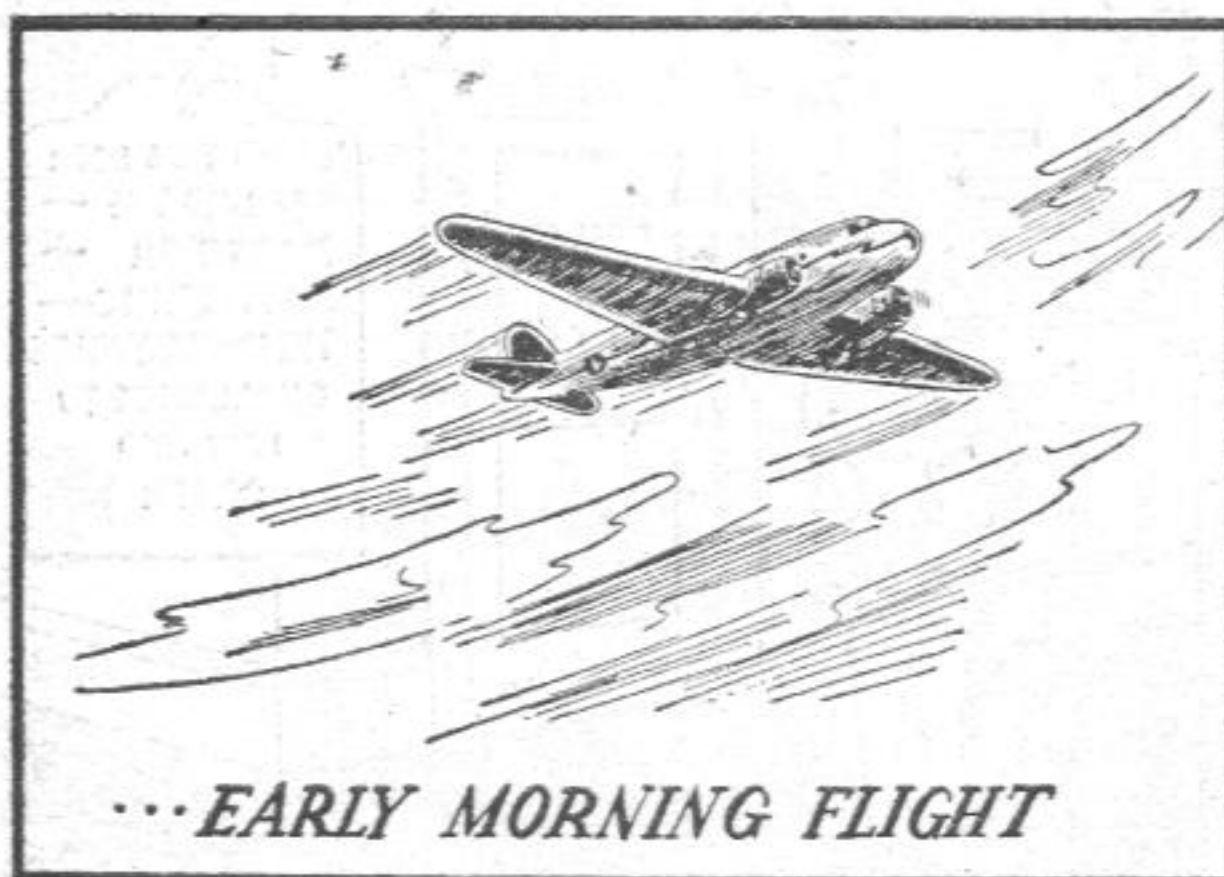
....AND HERE ARE THE PAPERS.
WE DID MISS THE
LEADER. BUT WE'LL GET
HIM SOON.

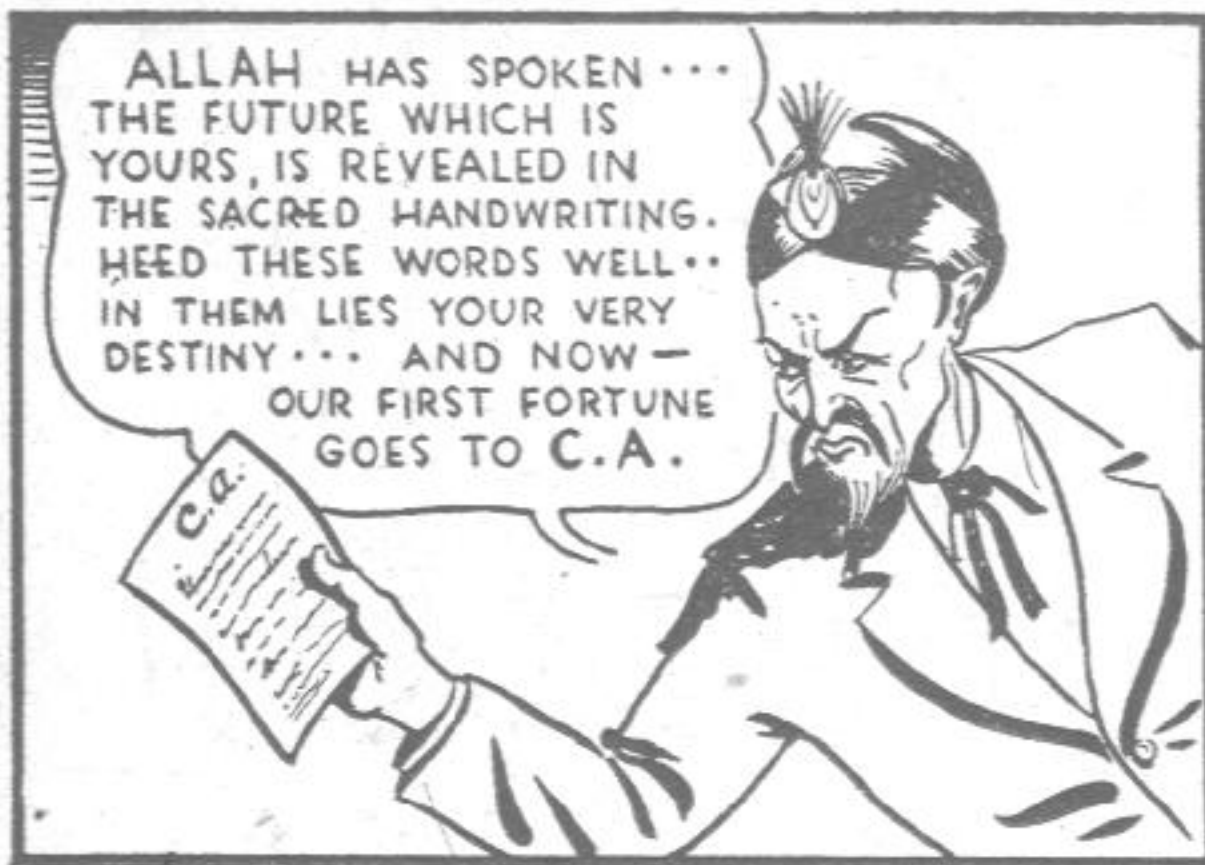


Dan Dennis

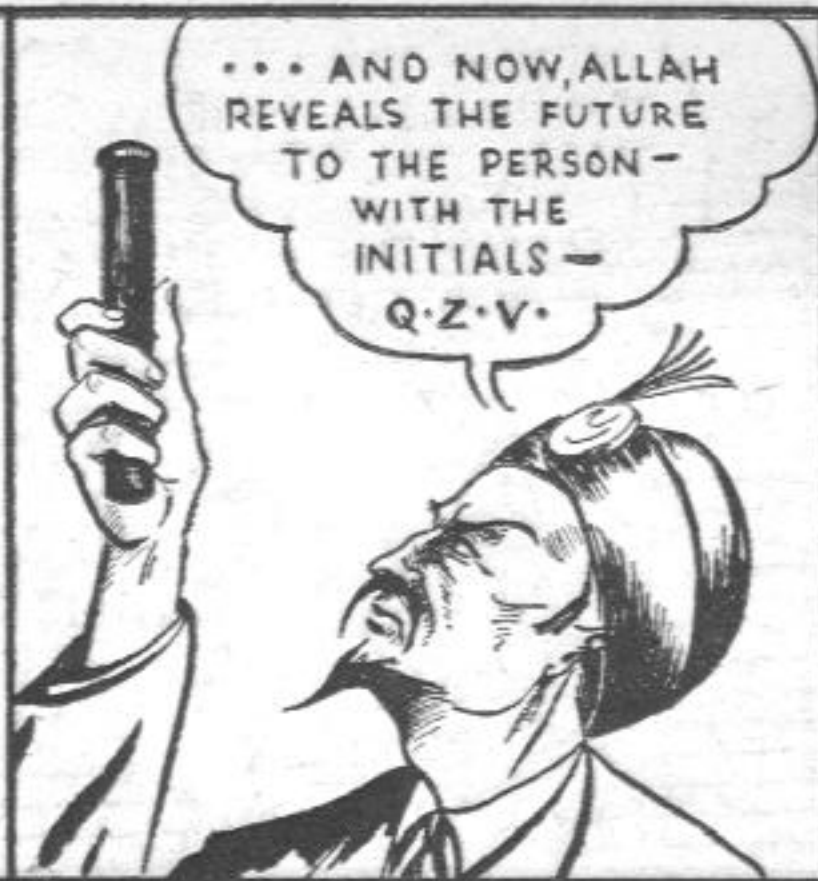
by Gilman







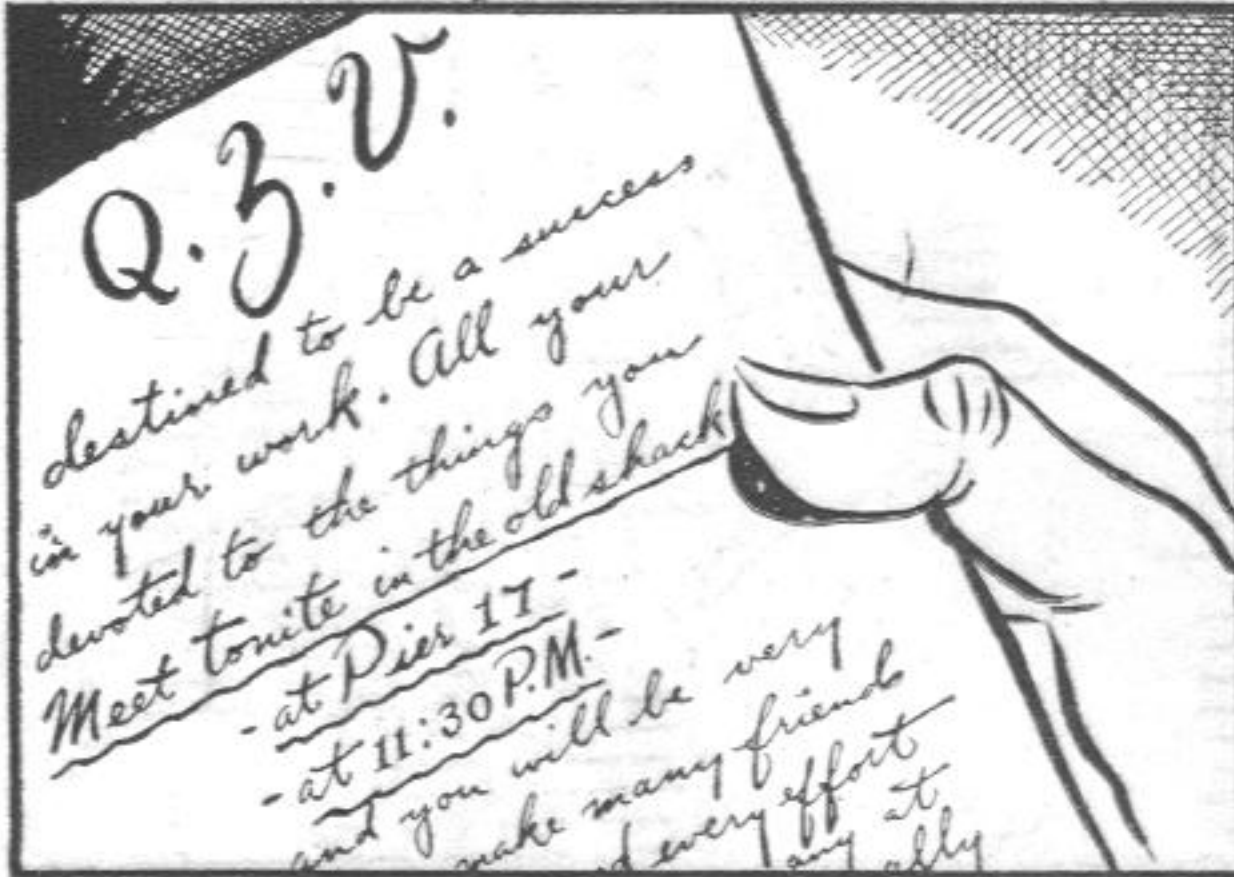
THE NEXT DAY
DAN DECIDES
TO VISIT THE
FORTUNE TELLER
AND USE THE
INITIALS
Q·Z·V·
HOPING
THAT THE
FORTUNE HE
RECEIVES WILL
GIVE HIM A
CLUE TO THE
OPERATIONS OF
THE DOPE RING



... AND NOW, ALLAH
REVEALS THE FUTURE
TO THE PERSON -
WITH THE
INITIALS -
Q·Z·V·



Q·Z·V· -
- THAT'S ME -
- THANK YOU.



Q·Z·V·

destined to be a success
in your work. All your
devoted to the things you
Meet tonight in the old shack
- at Pier 17 -
- at 11:30 P.M. -
and you will be very
make many friends
and every effort
any ally



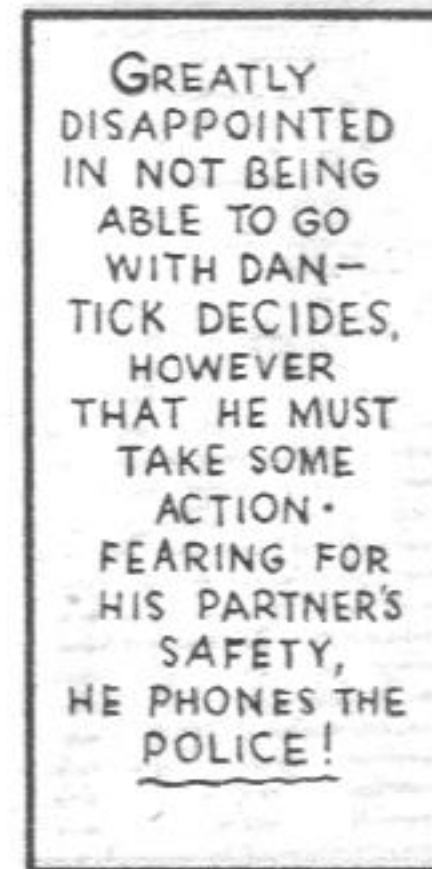
TICK!! - I'VE LOCATED
THE SMUGGLERS' HIDE-OUT -
- GOT ALL THE INFORMATION
IN THIS FORTUNE !!

- HUH?! - GOSH -
- THAT MEANS WE
SEE PLENTY OF
ACTION TONITE!!



WHAT TIME
DO WE
START?

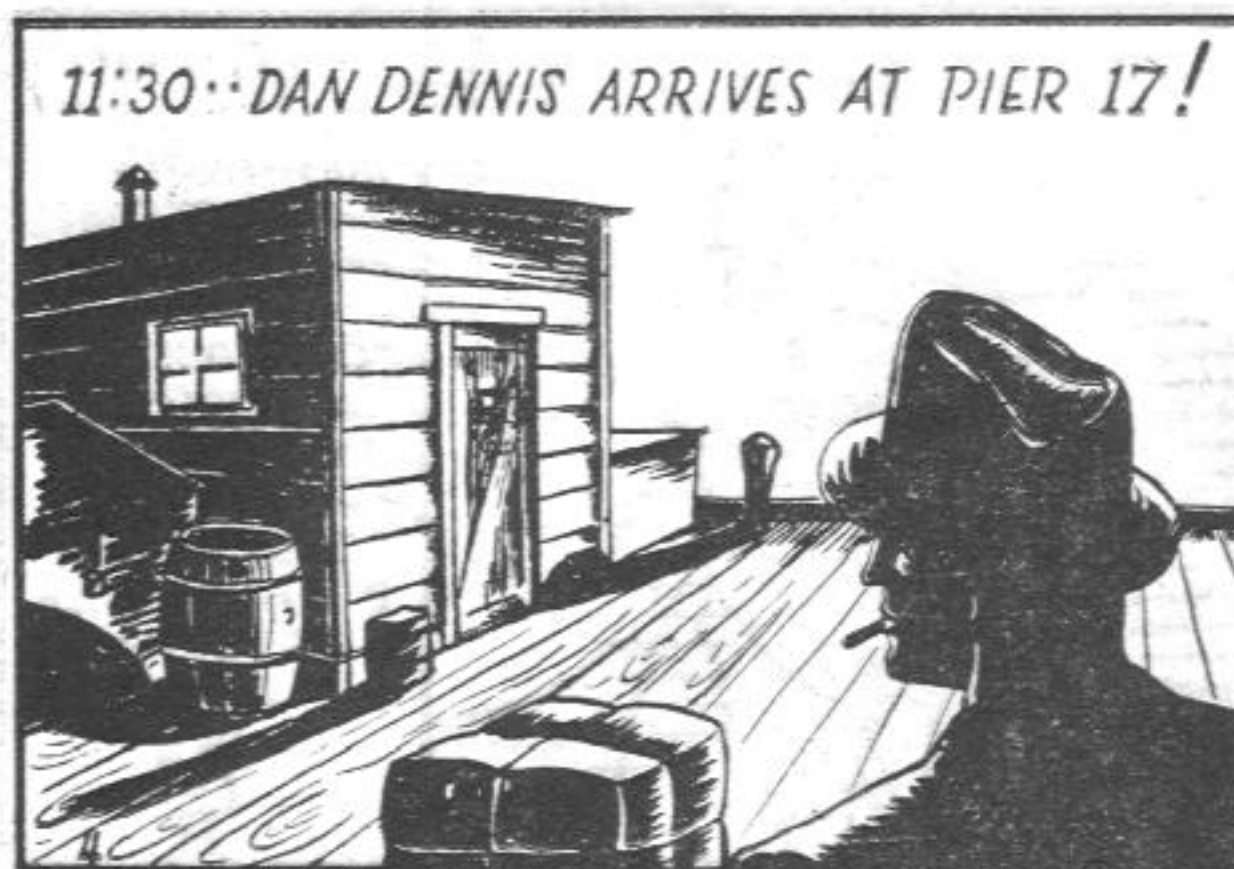
SORRY, TICK - BUT THE SUCCESS
OF MY PLAN DEPENDS ON MY
MAKING THEM THINK THAT I'M
- A MEMBER OF THEIR GANG -
- SO I'VE GOT TO GO ALONE ...



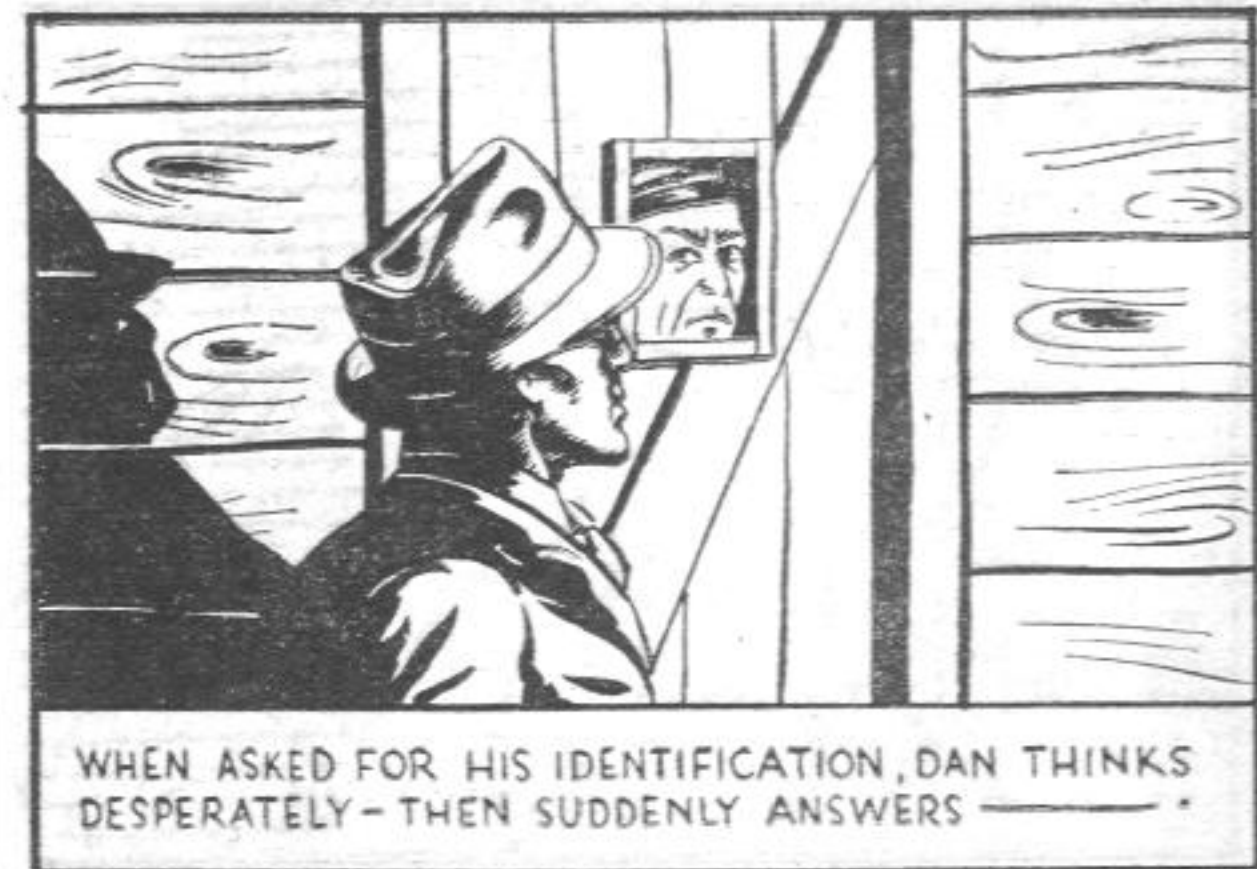
GREATLY
DISAPPOINTED
IN NOT BEING
ABLE TO GO
WITH DAN -
TICK DECIDES,
HOWEVER
THAT HE MUST
TAKE SOME
ACTION -
FEARING FOR
HIS PARTNER'S
SAFETY,
HE PHONES THE
POLICE!



-- AND MEET ME
AT PIER 17 - WITH
A SQUAD OF MEN -
11:30 - TONITE !!



11:30 - DAN DENNIS ARRIVES AT PIER 17!



WHEN ASKED FOR HIS IDENTIFICATION, DAN THINKS
DESPERATELY - THEN SUDDENLY ANSWERS -



OUT OF THE SHADOWS — A MENACING FORM EMERGES — ACHMET — A HUGE GIANT, READY TO OBEY HIS MASTER'S EVERY WISH.. AS HE ADVANCES SLOWLY TO TEAR DAN TO BITS..

— ? —



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE FALLEN TABLE, AS THE CROOKS OPEN FIRE ... DAN FINDS HIS FIRST TARGET!—

**SPEEDING ON TO
DAN'S RESCUE—
TICK TURNS ONTO
PIER 17—
AND HEADS FOR
THE OLD SHACK.**

WILL TICK
REACH DAN,
IN TIME



**DROP THOSE GUNS!!—
AND REACH FOR
THE CEILING!!**

DEY GOT US
COVERED,
BOSS!!



WELL—I GUESS WE CAN REVEAL
"CHOP" QUIDERIO'S FUTURE NOW—
WITHOUT THE AID OF ALLAH

YEAH!
AT LEAST
FOR THE NEXT
TWENTY YEARS



CRANE

*of
Scotland Yard*

by Paul
Gustafson



INSPECTOR CRANE, SPEAKING —
OH, JANE — YES — YES — —
ARE YOU SURE? I'LL
BE RIGHT THERE!



WHAT'S
UP,
CRANE?
LORD AUSTIN HAS
BEEN KIDNAPPED!
KEEP IT QUIET
UNTIL I CALL
YOU



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER,
CRANE ENTERS THE STATELY
LONDON HOME OF LORD AUSTIN.



HELLO, JANE — ARE YOU SURE
YOUR FATHER'S
BEEN KIDNAPPED? YES —
HIS BRIEFCASE
HAS BEEN BROKEN
OPEN AND ALL
HIS PAPERS
TAKEN!



WHERE'S ROGERS — PERHAPS
HE KNOWS SOMETHING
ABOUT ALL THIS! HE
ISN'T HERE!
I LOOKED FOR
HIM ALL OVER



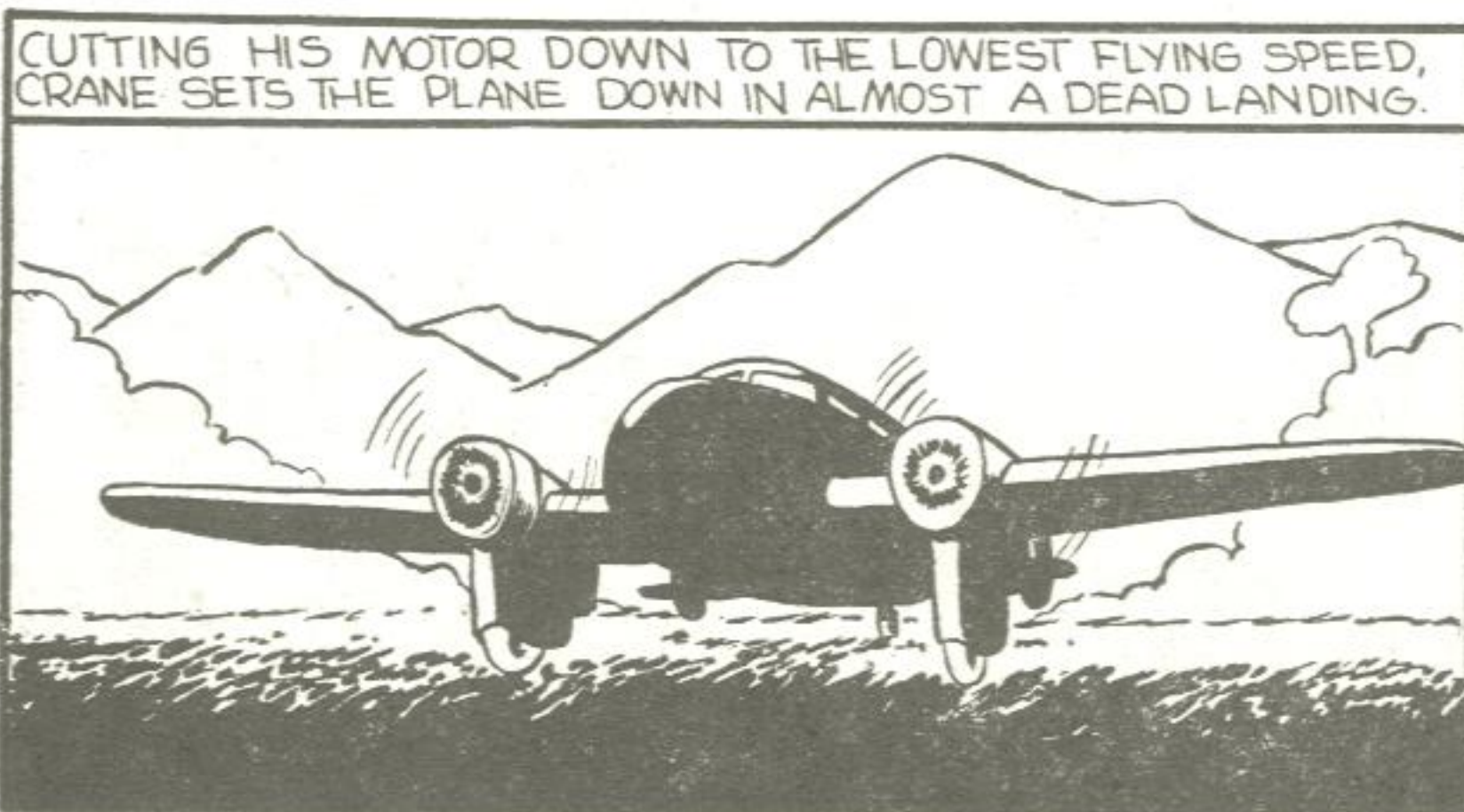
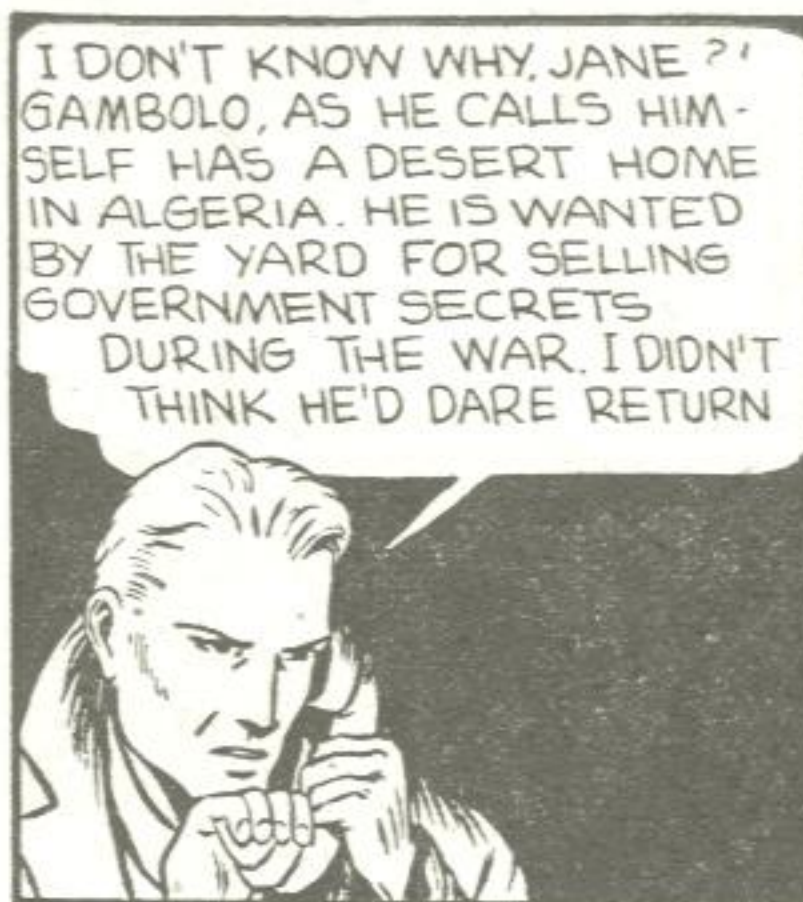
LESLEY —
LOOK !!



IT'S ROGERS! JANE,
GET HIM A GLASS OF BRANDY —
HE'S JUST BEEN KNOCKED OUT!



IT WAS TWO FOREIGN LOOKING
MEN! ONE'S NAME WAS
GAMBOLO — — AND I HEARD
THEM SAY SOMETHING
ABOUT TAKING LORD
AUSTIN TO ALGIERS



NICE SECLUDED PLACE, GAMBOLO HAS HERE! I'D LIKE TO KNOW JUST WHAT HE'S UP TO NOW!



WHILE CRANE MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD THE HOUSE, SEVERAL MEN ARE GROUPED IN ONE OF THE ROOMS



AND YOU STILL REFUSE TO SELL US THE PLANS TO THE NEW SUBMARINE —? Y'KNOW, YOU CAN MAKE YOURSELF A WEALTHY MAN BY DOING SO.



I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THEM AND IF I DID, I WOULDN'T SELL OUT MY COUNTRY — LIKE YOU DID IN 1917 — EVEN IF I HAD TO GIVE MY LIFE FIRST



YES — I SOLD OUT ENGLAND YEARS AGO AND NOW I AM A VERY WEALTHY MAN — AND EVERYBODY HAS FORGOTTEN ABOUT MY PAST. COME — I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING THAT MAY CHANGE YOUR MIND



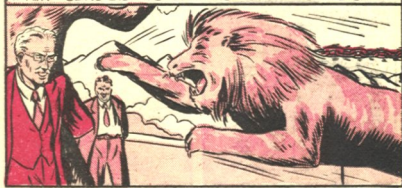
MY PET — AND HE IS VERY HUNGRY! NOW, THINK FAST OR YOU MAY GIVE YOUR LIFE FOR YOUR COUNTRY!



VERY WELL — LORD AUSTIN! HAD THE PAPERS BEEN IN YOUR BRIEFCASE, IT WOULD HAVE SAVED US ALL A LOT OF TIME AND TROUBLE! TIE HIM TO THE TREE!!



AS LORD AUSTIN IS TIED TO THE TREE, THE LION CHARGES AT HIM — BEING STOPPED ONLY INCHES AWAY BY THE CHAIN



THE POST IS WEAKENING — IT WILL LOOSEN THE NEXT TIME THE LION CHARGES! SAY THAT YOU'LL TALK AND I'LL CALL HIM OFF — WELL?!



AT THAT MOMENT, CRANE JUMPS OVER THE WALL AND SENDS ONE OF THE TWO WAITING MEN SPRAWLING INTO THE REACHING AREA OF THE LION



INSTANTLY THE LION CHANGES HIS CHARGE FROM LORD AUSTIN.



ALRIGHT, GAMBOLO — UNTIE LORD AUSTIN OR YOUR FRIEND WILL GET THE SAME THING



AS SOON AS GAMBOLO HAS AUSTIN UNTIED, HE PUSHES HIM OUT TOWARD THE BEAST.



AGAIN THE LION LEAVES HIS PREY AND CHARGES — — —



— BUT CRANE'S REVOLVER STOPS HIM DEAD IN HIS TRACKS.



WHILE CRANE IS ATTRACTED BY THE DANGER OF LORD AUSTIN, GAMBOLO SEES HIS CHANCE TO ESCAPE.



INSTANTLY CRANE SENDS A CRASHING BLOW AT HIS CAPTIVE—



— AND DIVES AT GAMBOLO.



I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR BUSINESS IS AND I DON'T CARE NOW! IF THAT LION WERE ALIVE NOW, I'D FEED YOU TO HIM AND GIVE YOU A DOSE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!



IF YOU WANT MORE, JUST SAY SO — I'VE PLENTY MORE IN STORE FOR GUYS LIKE YOU!



CRANE, YOU NOT ONLY SAVED MY LIFE, BUT THE PLANS TO THE NEW SUBMARINE. THEY'RE DRAWN ON THESE PAPERS IN INVISIBLE INK THAT WILL APPEAR WITHIN TWENTY FOUR HOURS AFTER BEING DRAWN. SEE — THE LINES ARE STARTING TO COME OUT ALREADY — YOU CAME JUST IN TIME!!



I'M GLAD YOU'RE SAFE, DAD, AND THIS IS ALL OVER. CAN WE GO HOME NOW, LES'?



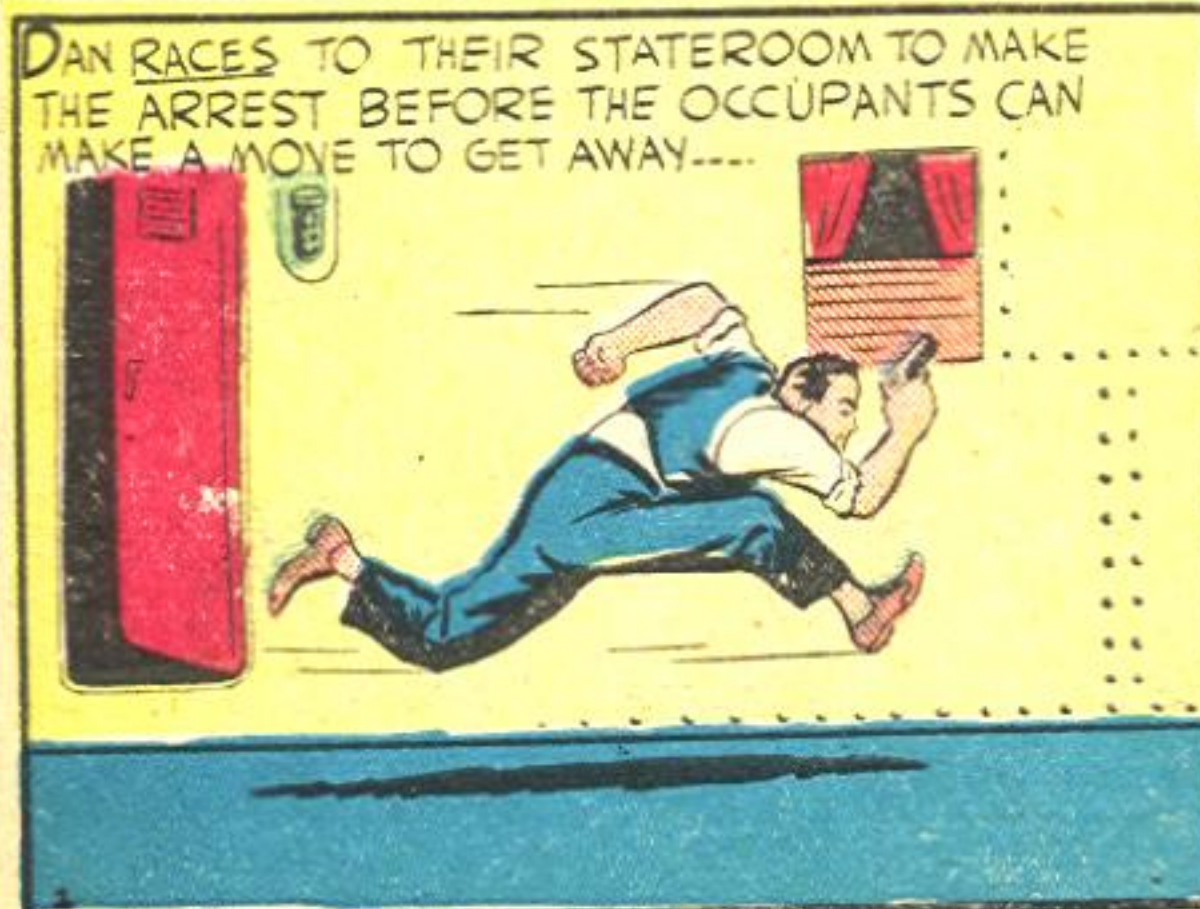
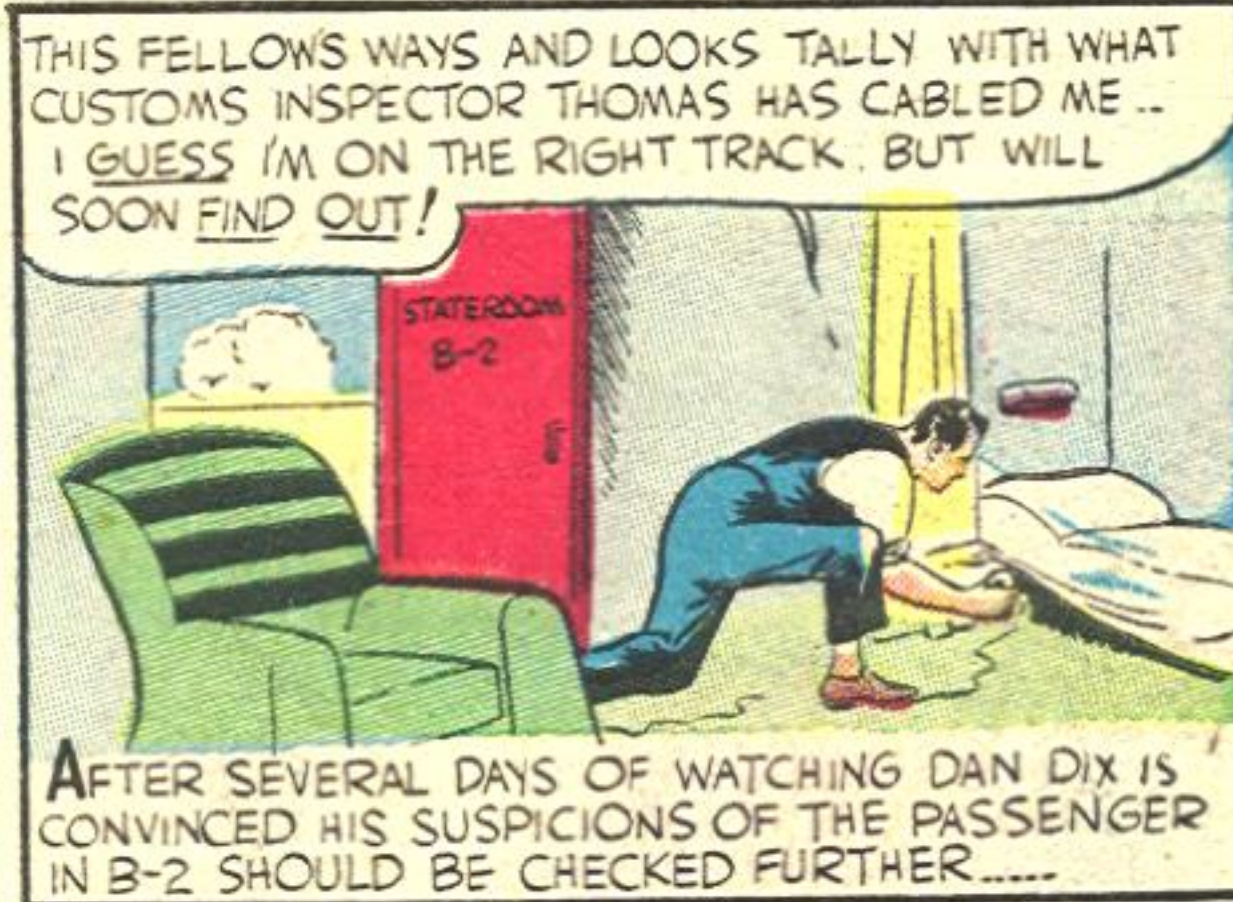
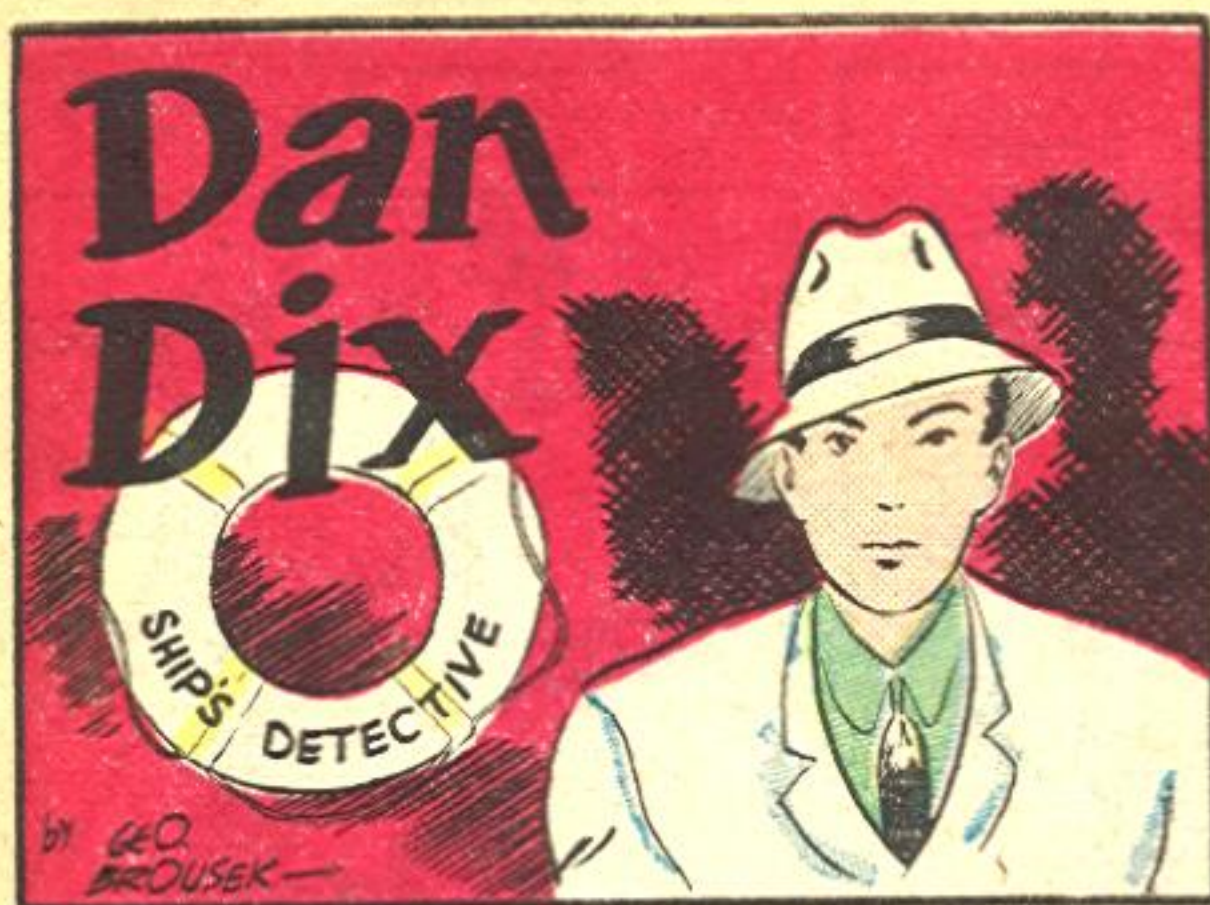
TIEING-UP THEIR CAPTIVES, CRANE AND AUSTIN RETURN TO THE PLANE.

I'LL HAVE TO GET PERMISSION FROM THE AUTHORITIES TO TAKE THESE TWO BACK TO ENGLAND FIRST IF I'M NOT WRONG, THAT WILL ONLY TAKE A FEW MINUTES

A SHORT TIME AFTER CRANE RECEIVES PERMISSION TO TAKE THE KIDNAPPERS BACK TO ENGLAND, HE HEADS HIS PLANE NORTHWARD AND ROARS INTO THE SKY FOR HOME.



ANOTHER COMPLETE EPOSIDE WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE!



THE COUPLE CLEAR OUT OF THEIR CABIN AND MAKE FOR THE HOLD OF THE SHIP-DAN CAN'T FIND THEM-!



THAT NIGHT THEY GET THE SHIP'S POSITION FROM THE RADIO OPERATOR.....



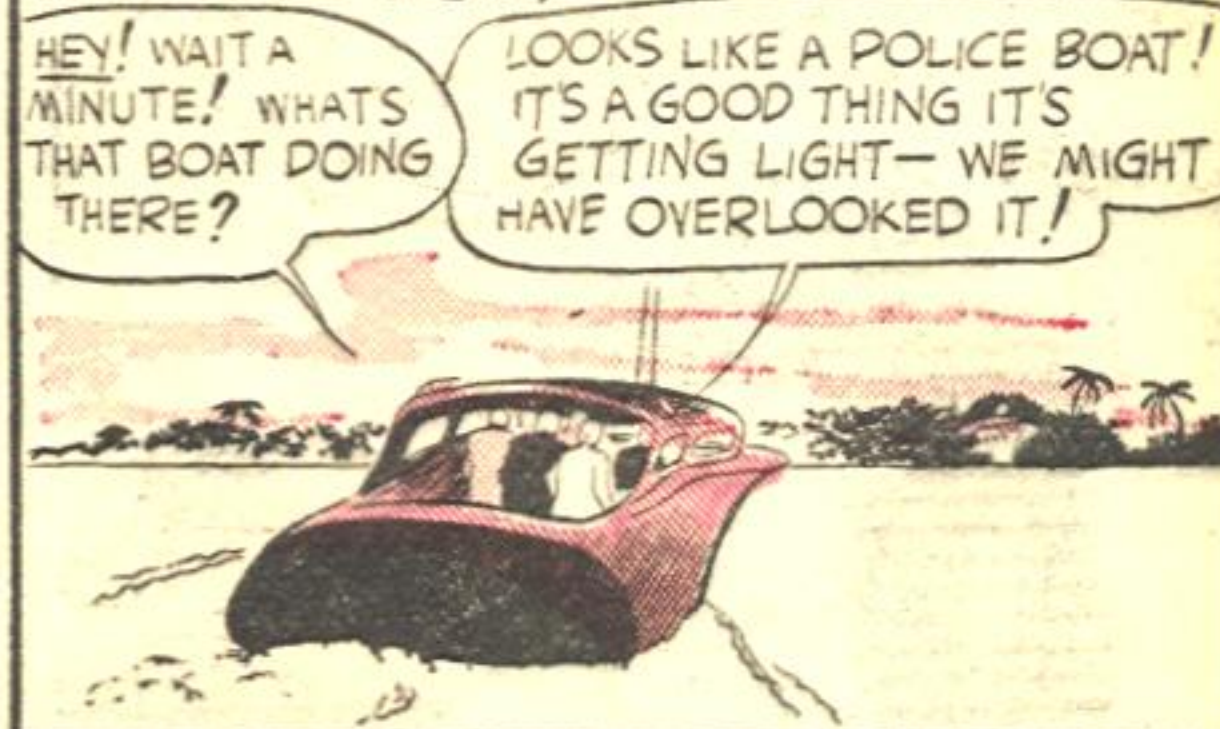
THEY BIND THE WIRELESS OPERATOR AND SEND OUT THEIR OWN MESSAGE ON ANOTHER WAVE IN CODE..!



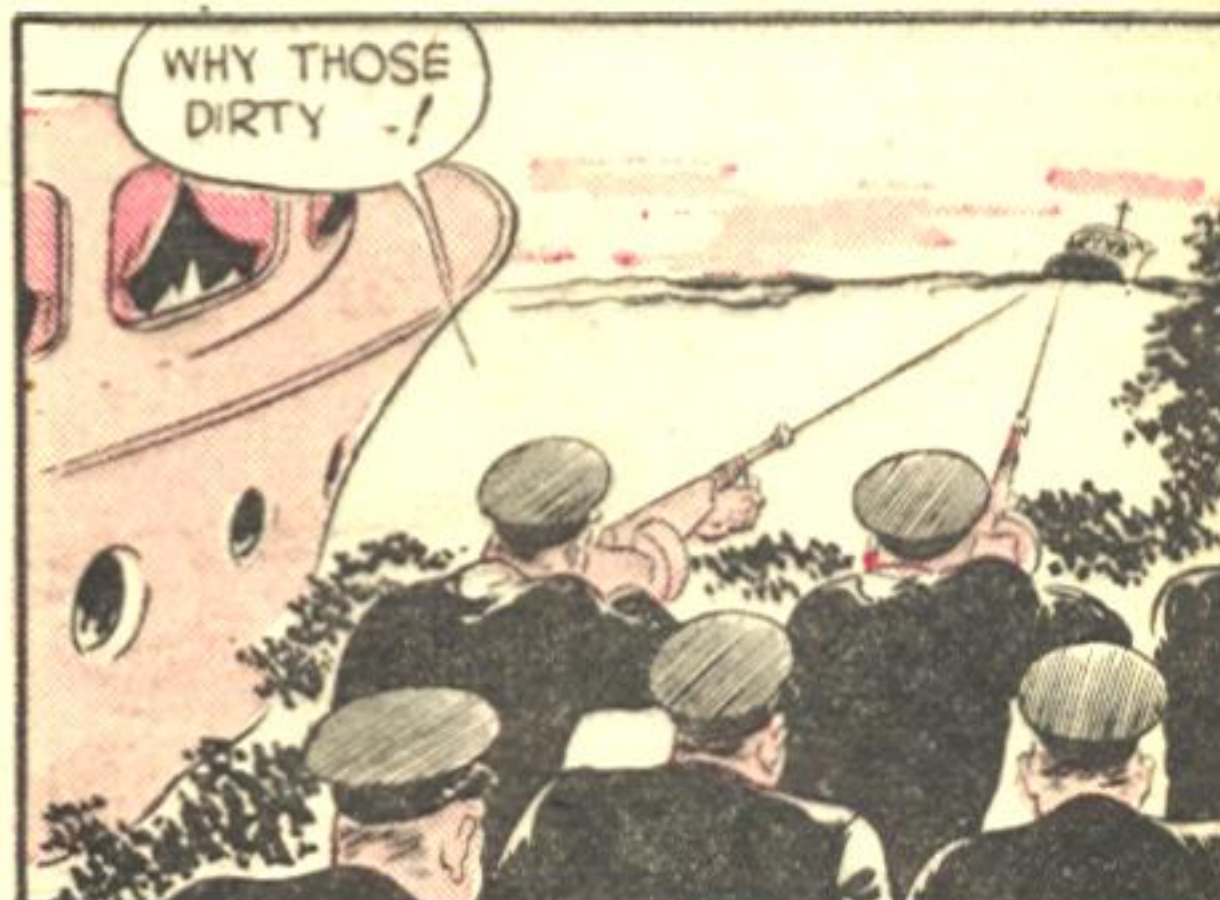
A HAM RADIO OPERATOR AT TAMPA HAPPENS TO BE ON THE SAME WAVE LENGTH, PICKS UP THE MESSAGE AND DECODES IT—THEN EXCITEDLY CALLS UP THE MIAMI POLICE!



THE POLICE DECIDE TO WAIT FOR THE SMUGGLERS' BOAT... DAWN IS AT HAND—THE SMUGGLERS' BOAT APPROACHES SHORE!



THE SMUGGLERS SWING THE BOAT AROUND AND PREPARE TO MAKE A GETAWAY!!



THE SMUGGLERS MAKE THEIR GETAWAY BUT FIND THAT THEIR BOAT IS SHIPPING WATER AS A RESULT OF THE POLICE BULLETS HITTING BELOW THE WATER LINE.....!



THE SMUGGLERS LAND AND PROCEED INTO THE EVERGLADES WHERE THEY FEEL THEY WILL BE SAFE



THERE'S A HIGHWAY AROUND HERE SOMEPLACE.... WE OUGHTA BE ABLE TO GET A CAR GOING NORTH.....



HERE IT IS! WE'RE IN LUCK!

WAIT! I THINK I SEE A BUS COMING!



COME ON! PUT ON THOSE BRAKES!



C'MON EVERYBODY, GET OUT!



SORRY FOLKS— WE DON'T LIKE YER COMPANY...

YEAH, LET'S GO!

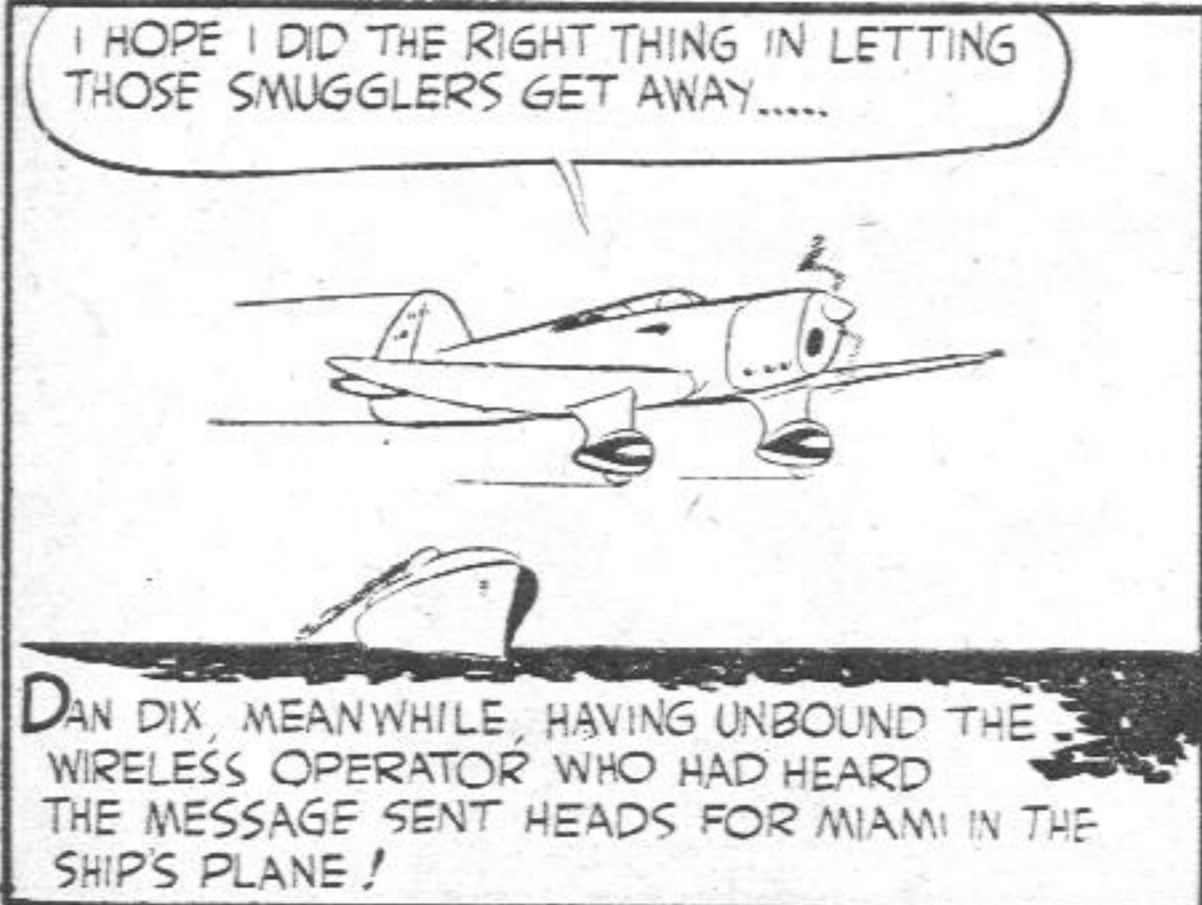


C'MON JAKE—STEP ON IT!

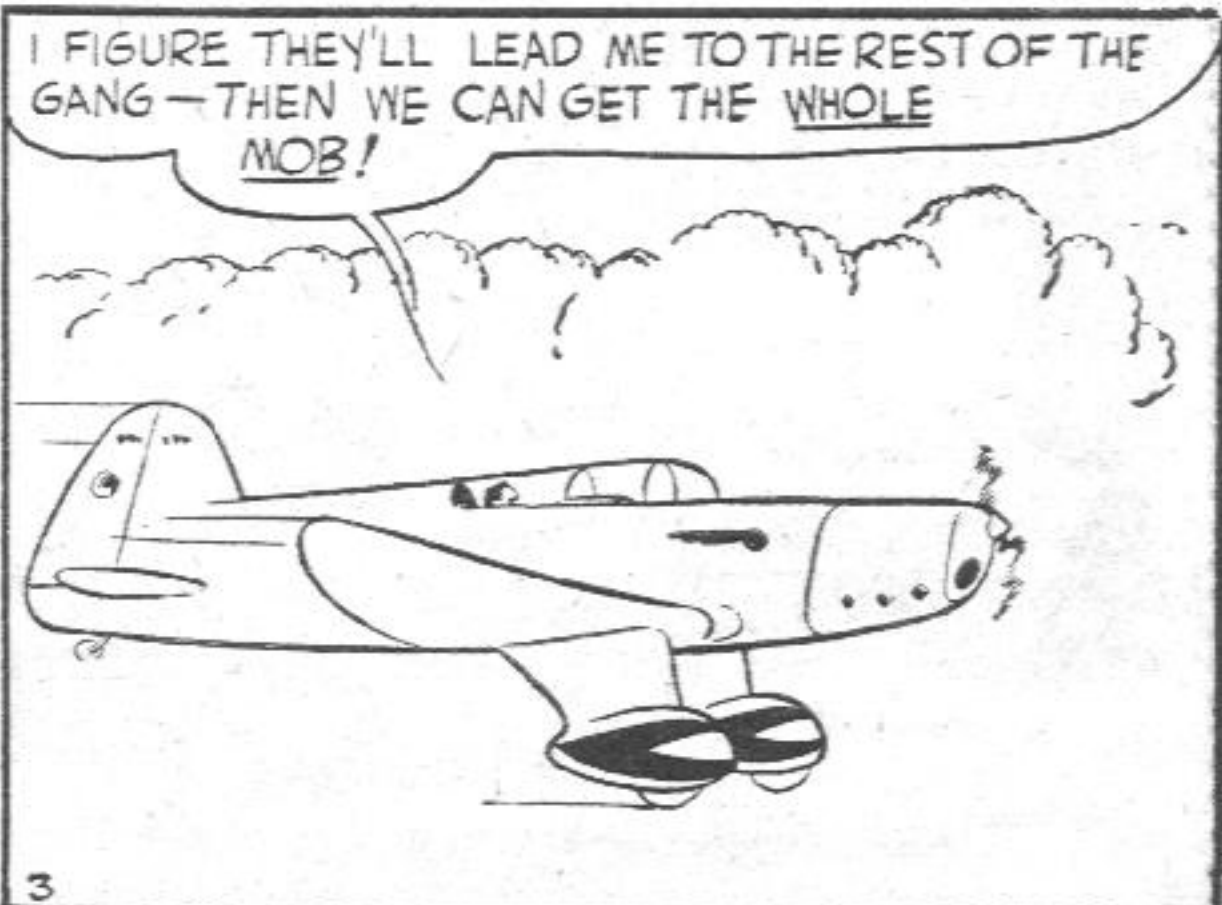
I GOT 'ER DOWN TO THE FLOORBOARD NOW, MIKE!

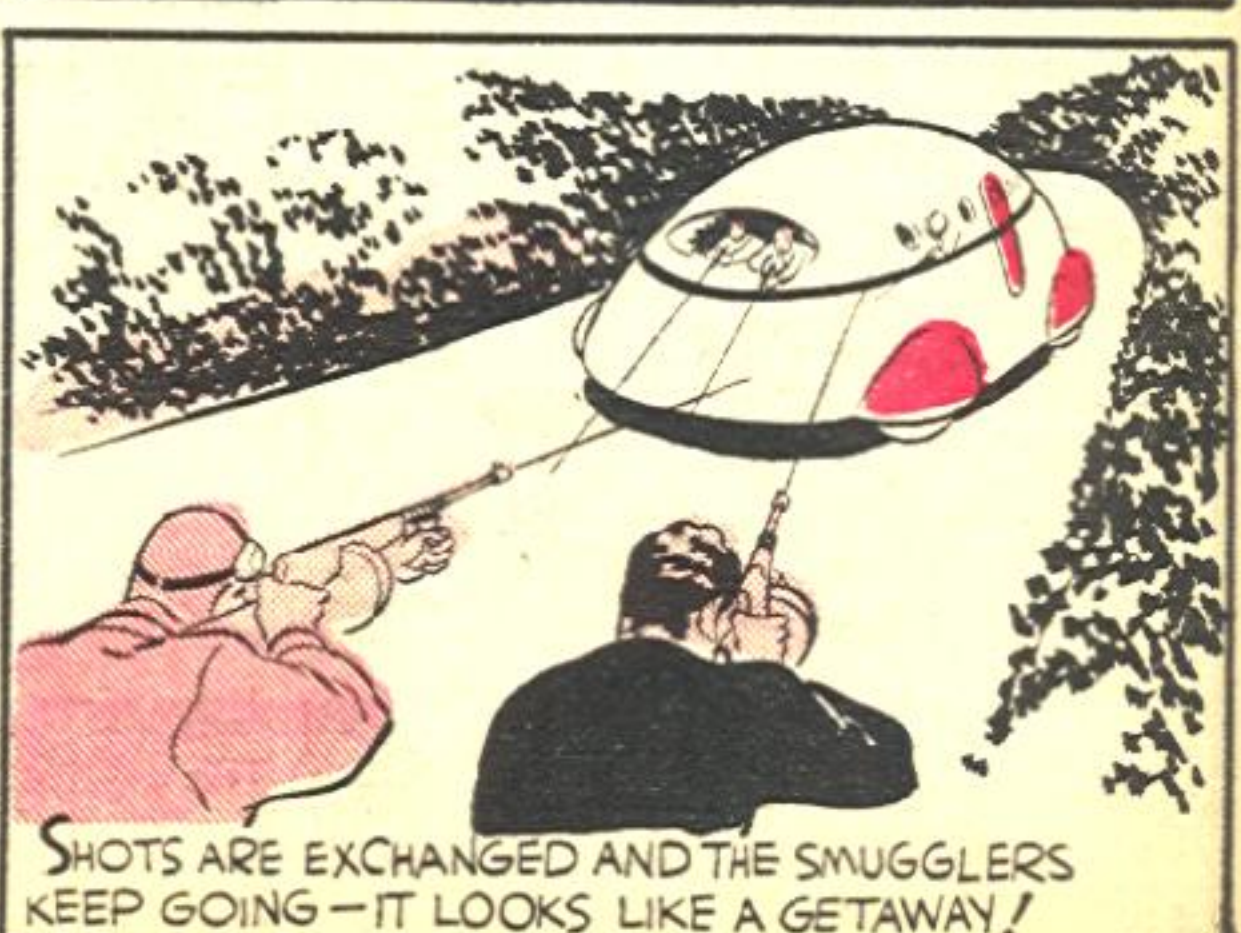
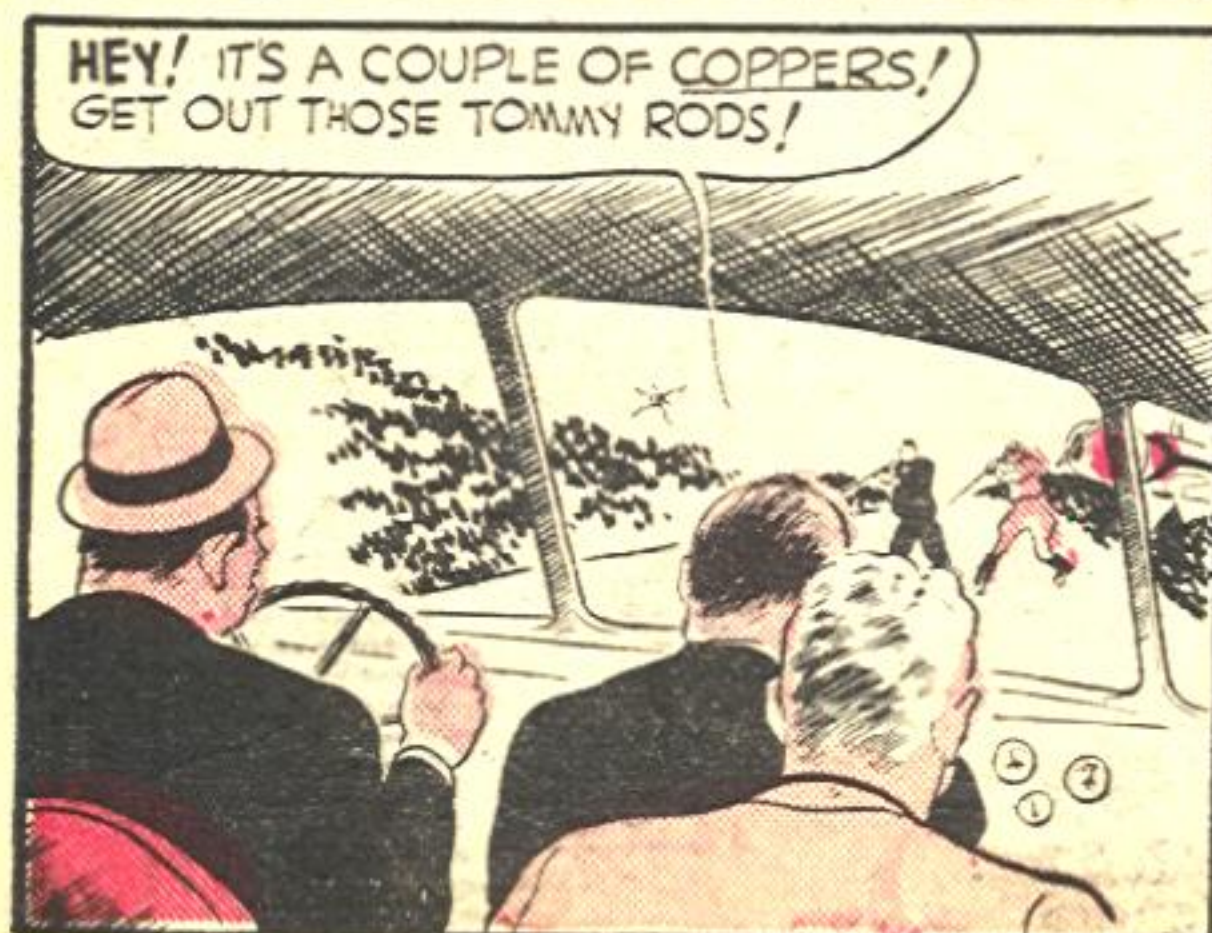
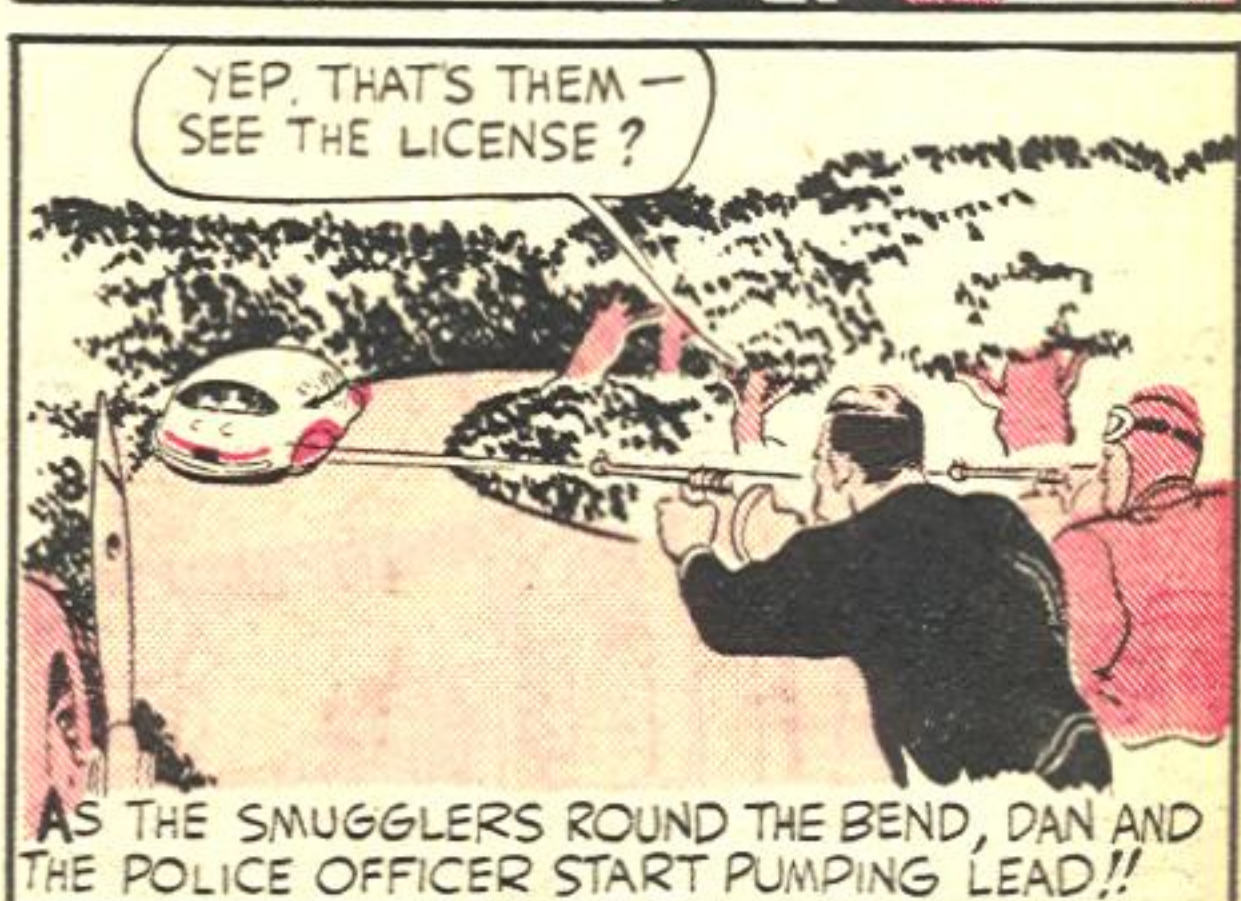
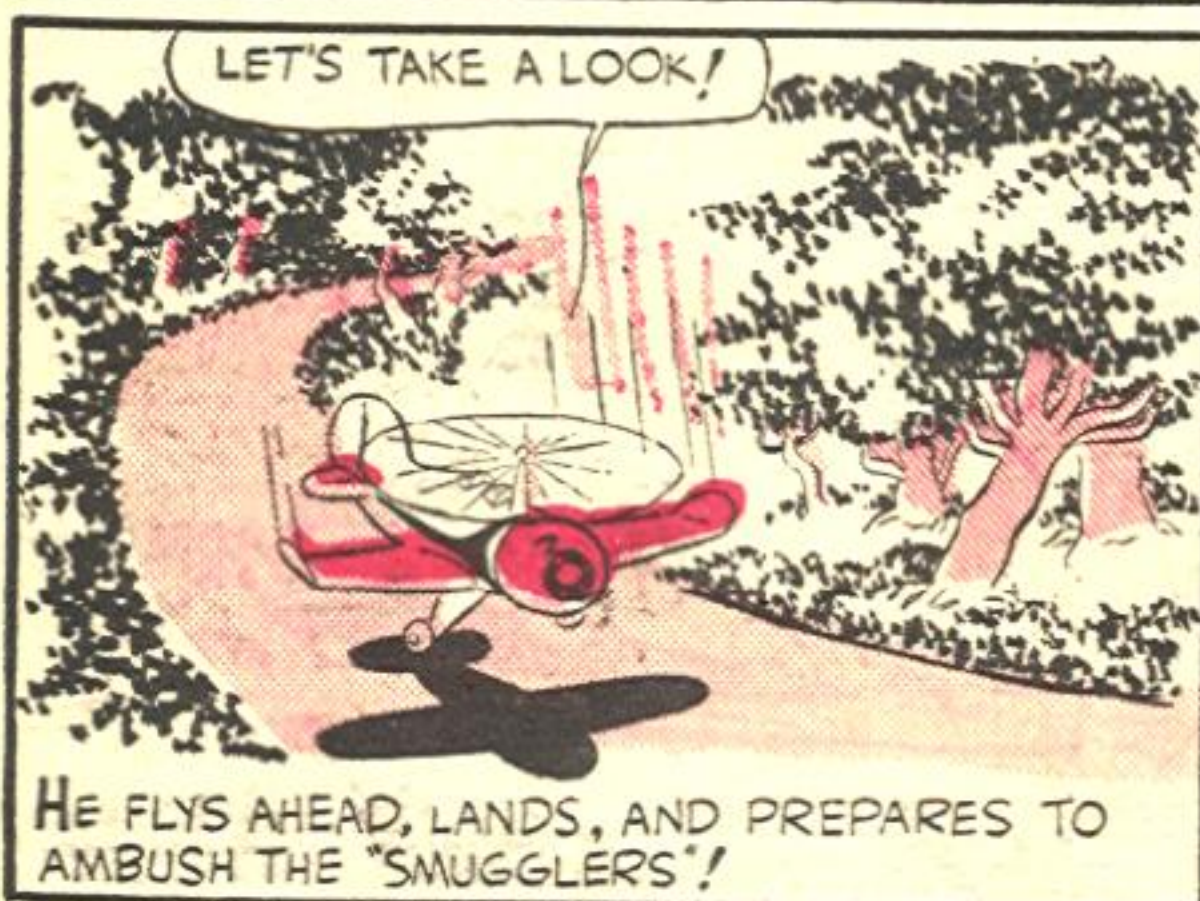
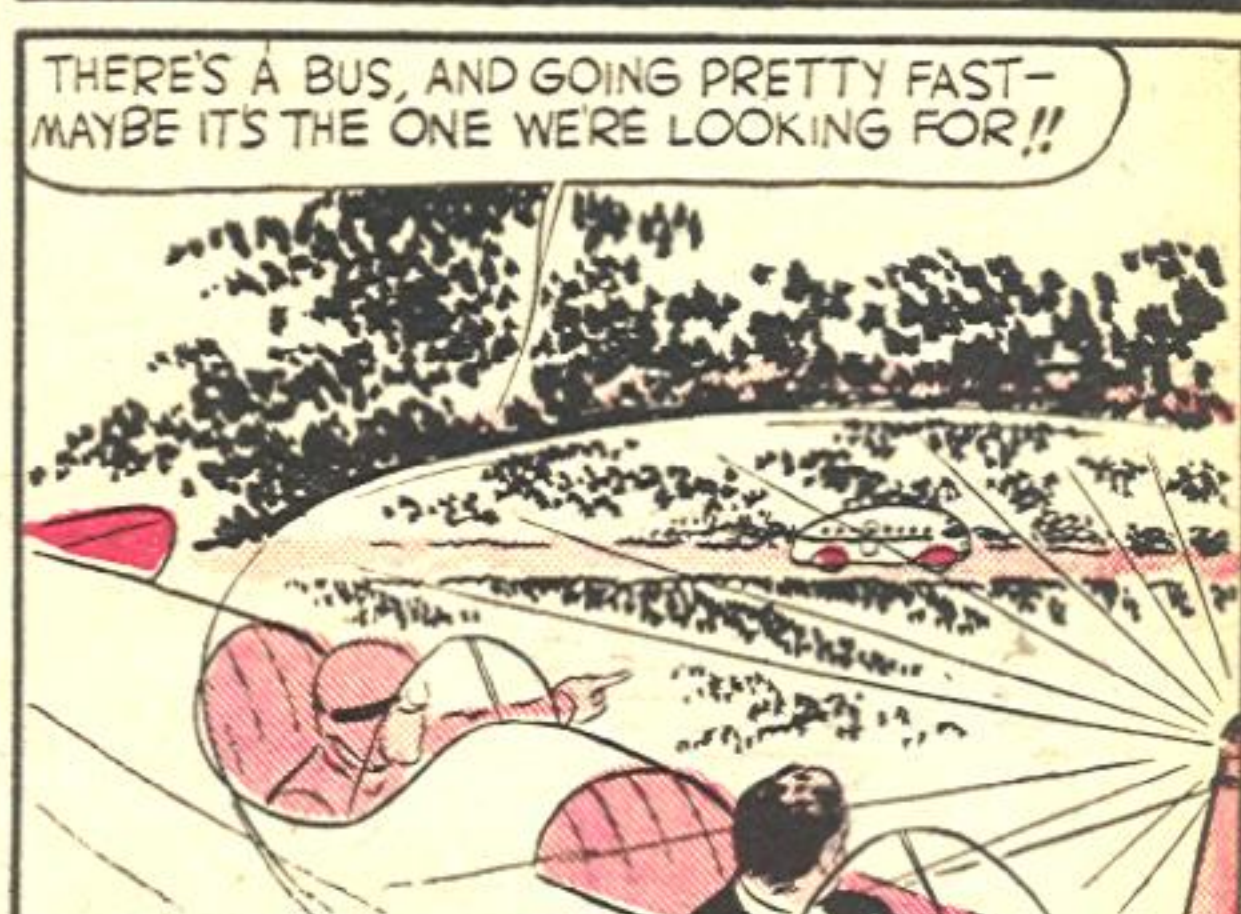
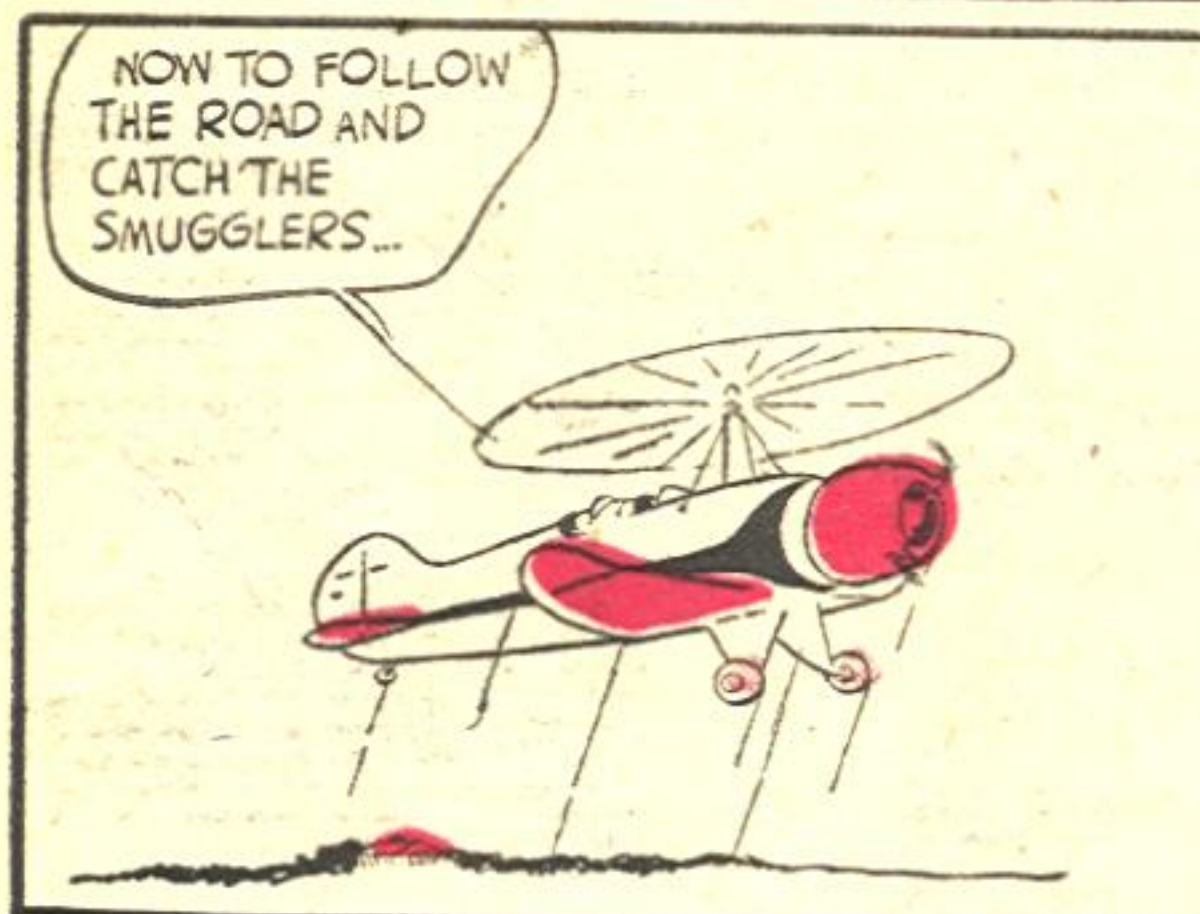
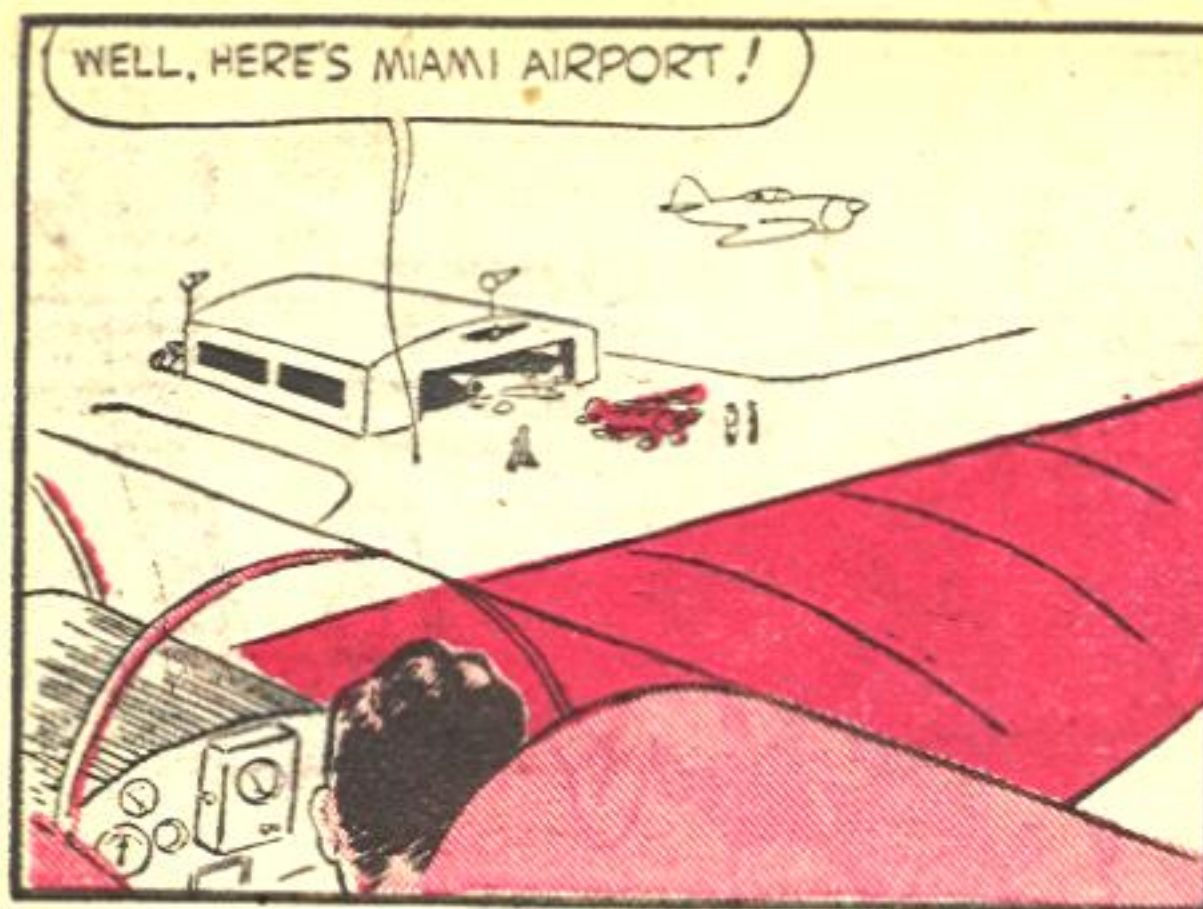


I HOPE I DID THE RIGHT THING IN LETTING THOSE SMUGGLERS GET AWAY.....



I FIGURE THEY'LL LEAD ME TO THE REST OF THE GANG—THEN WE CAN GET THE WHOLE MOB!





NO! IT ISN'T!! DAN HITS ONE OF THE REAR TIRES JUST AS THE BUS STARTS TO ROUND A BEND!!!

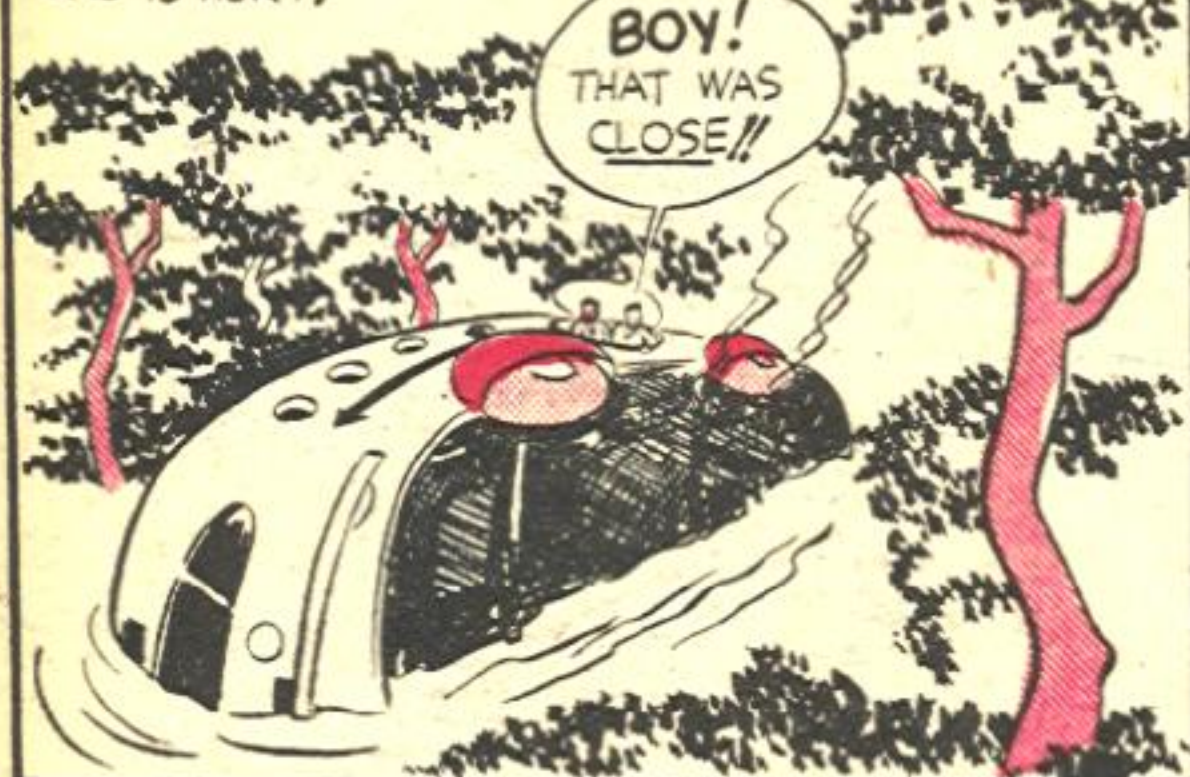


WOW! WE'RE IN THE SOUP!! I LOST CONTROL OF THIS CART!!



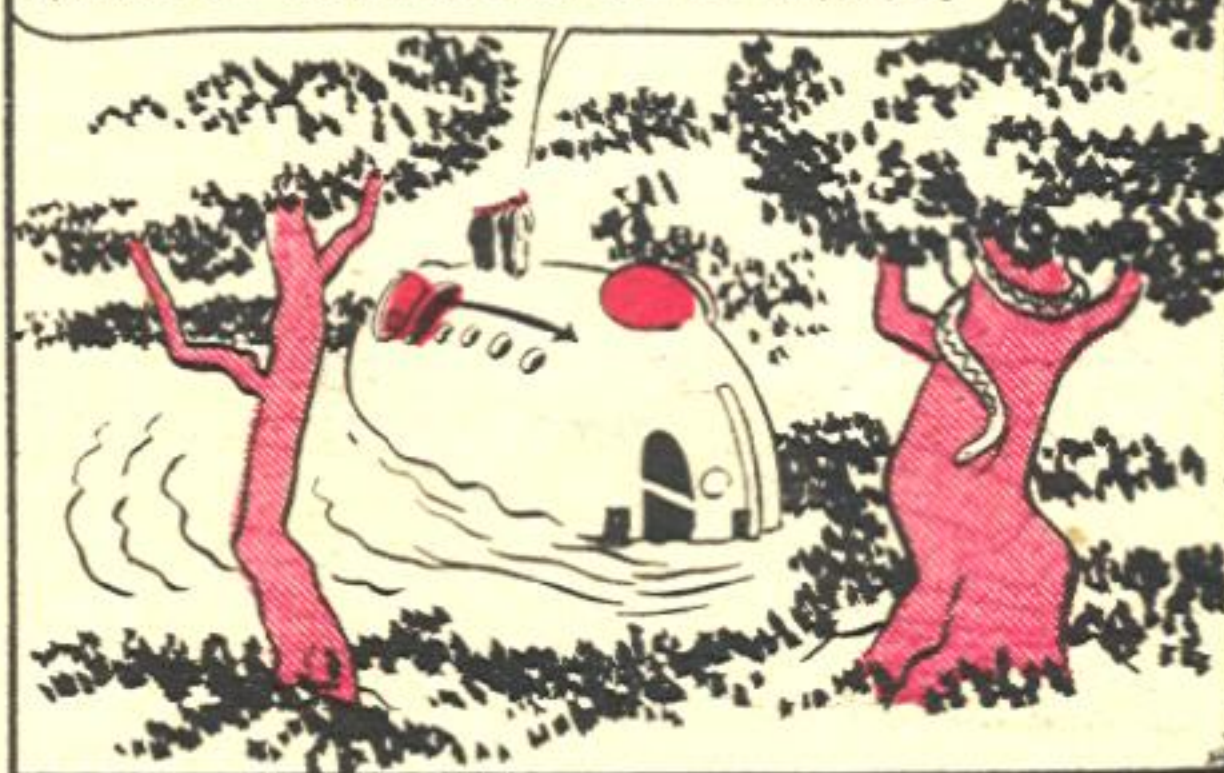
THE FLAT TIRE THROWS THE BUS OVER INTO A SWAMP!!!

FORTUNATELY FOR THE SMUGGLERS NO ONE IS HURT!!



BOY! THAT WAS CLOSE!!

C'MON LET'S GET INTO THE EVERGLADES BEFORE A MOB OF COPPERS CATCH UP WITH US!



SAY, IF THOSE COPS CATCH US IT'LL BE A MIRACLE - THIS JUNGLE IS PLENTY DENSE!

YEAH! THEY'LL NEVER CATCH US!



AFTER SEVERAL HOURS OF TRAMPING IN THE WILDERNESS THE GANG DECIDES TO REST IN A GOOD SPOT.....

THIS CLEARING IS JUST THE PLACE FOR A CAMP...

NOBODY WILL FIND US HERE!



SUDDENLY INTO THE CLEARING BURST DAN AND THE POLICE OFFICER!!!

OKAY MUGGS-STICK 'EM UP!!

HEY!! WHAT THE...?!



OKAY COPPER WE'RE LICKED! BUT HOW DID YA DO IT?

EASY! THIS MAN WITH THE BIG FEET LOST THE LID OFF ONE OF HIS HEELS - SINCE HIS HEELS ARE HOLLOW SO AS TO HOLD DIAMONDS HE MADE TRACKS WITH THE HEEL WHICH WERE EASY TO FOLLOW - I'LL TAKE THE DIAMOND IN THE OTHER HEEL IF YOU DON'T MIND - WE FOUND THE MISSING DIAMOND BY THE BUS - IT'S THE SIZE OF A WALNUT AND WORTH ABOUT \$20,000.!!!



THE END

SHARK

BY

NORMAN DANIELS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED GUARDINEER





NEVER SAW THEM
SO FAT !

IF THIS KEEPS ON
WE'LL BE MILLIONAIRES.



THEY'RE GOING
TO HAIL US.
WONDER WHAT
THEY WANT ?

IT'S A CINCH THEY'RE
IN NO TROUBLE. MAN
WHAT A SWELL
BOAT !



WHY MUST THEY
COME TO-DAY?
THE FOOLS !

BAH ! THERE ARE
ONLY TWO MEN.
WE CAN DISPOSE
OF THEM.



I DON'T LIKE
THE LOOKS
OF THEM.

AW, ANYBODY WITH
A SHIP LIKE THAT
MUST BE OKAY !



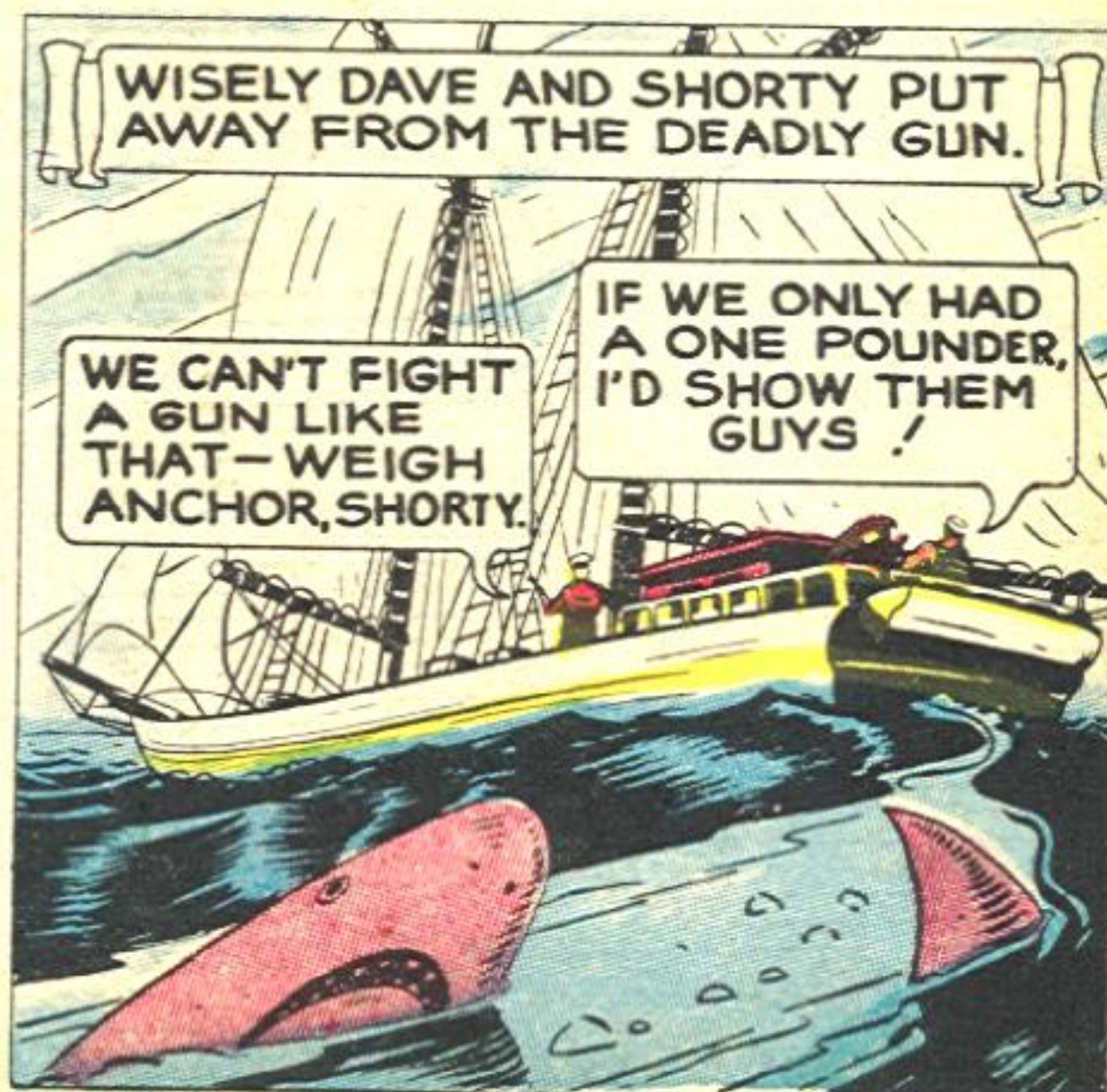
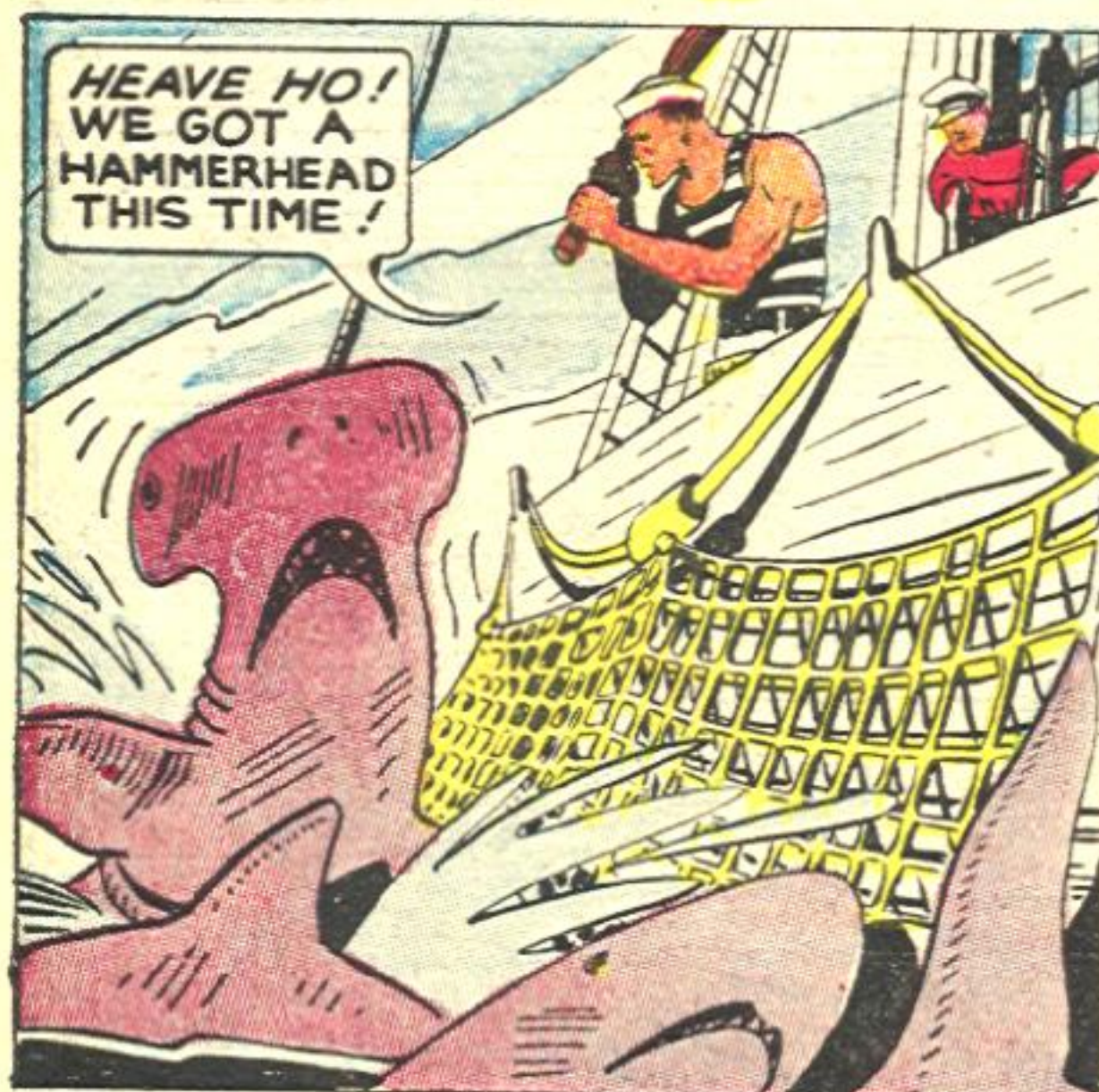
YOU ARE INTER-
FERING WITH
OUR FISHING.
WHY DON'T YOU
GO AWAY —

GO AWAY, MY EYE.
THIS IS OUR BREAD
AND BUTTER !



YOU WILL BE
SORRY IF YOU
DO NOT
LEAVE !

YOU CAN'T BOSS
ME. GET OFF THIS
SHIP OR I'LL
THROW YOU OFF !









WOW! THEM SHARKS WERE CLOSE.

HAND ME AN OAR! I'LL DISABLE THE YACHT!



THEY THINK WE'RE DEAD. WHAT A SURPRISE THEY'LL GET !!

YEAH! WAIT'LL THEY START THE ENGINE!



CALLING COAST GUARD-SMUGGLERS STRANDED-COME FULL SPEED!

FEED ME TO THE SHARKS, WILL THEY?



BUT YOU SHOULD BE DEAD, THE SHARKS —

SHARKS ONLY EAT WHEN THEY'RE HUNGRY. THOSE BABIES WERE FULL!

NEVER SAW SHARKS SO FAT!

FRED GUARDINEER

CAPT STEVE RANSOM.

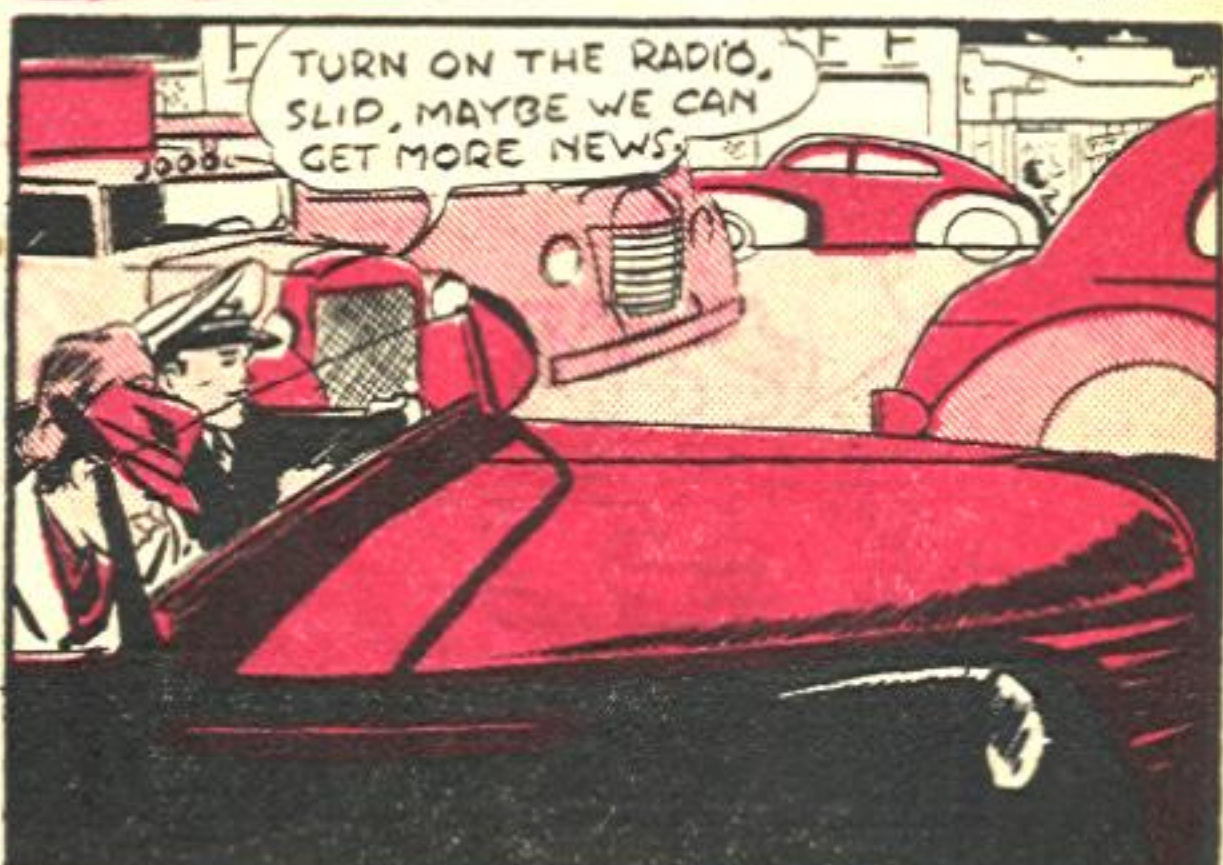
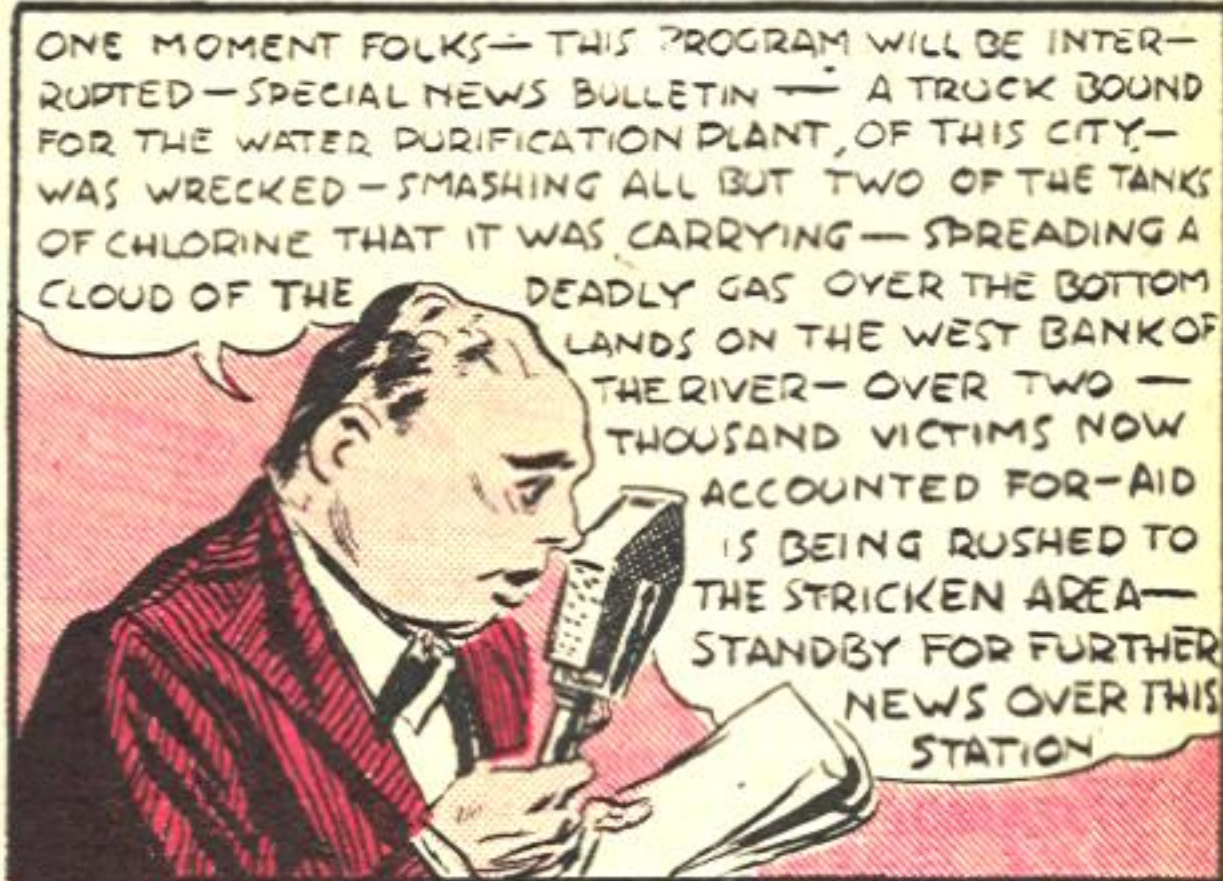
IN A COMPLETE AIR ADVENTURE

BY
HOFFMAN 39



AS THE STORY OPENS CAPT. RANSOM, AND HIS FRIEND "SLIP" MAGEE, ALONG WITH HIS SISTER SALLY—WHO IS RANSOM'S FIANCEE—ARE THE GUESTS OF A LARGE MIDWESTERN RADIO STATION—WHERE THEY ARE BEING INTERVIEWED ABOUT THEIR PART IN THE BREAKING UP OF A HUGE AND SINISTER SPY RING—AT THIS TIME "SLIP"—STEVE RANSOM'S MECHANIC AND CLOSEST FRIEND IS AT THE "MIKE".

"RACING AGAINST DOOM!"







TRANSAMERICAN AIRLINER BRINGING MEDICAL SUPPLIES — GROUNDED AT DENVER BECAUSE OF BAD WEATHER — SEE, YOU PUT THE VOLUNTEER PILOT TOP UP — SLIP — LISTEN! — NEEDED —

GOING BACK TO SLIP, THEY GET ANOTHER BROADCAST REPORT



MOVE OVER — SLIP — WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO THE AIRPORT

OH, NO — STEVE NOT IN THIS WEATHER —



THERE'S THE MAIL PLANE — I GUESS IT ISN'T GOING THROUGH EITHER — WHY I CAN REMEMBER IN THE OLD DAYS — WE USED TO GO PICNICKING IN WORSE WEATHER THAN THIS —

SKIPPER, THIS IS NO JOKE — THE FOG WILL BE EIGHT FEET IN THE GROUND IN ANOTHER HOUR

BUT CAPT. RANSOM HEADS THE FAST CAR FOR THE NEAREST AIRPORT —



SAY — BUD — HOW SOON CAN YOU HAVE MY SHIP ON THE LINE?

LISTEN — MISTER YOU DON'T WANT TO GO UP TODAY — IT'S LIKE JUMPING INTO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR — AND WHISTLING FOR THE JUICE



IT'S THAT DOPEY ANNOUNCER AGAIN —

"OH! — CAPTAIN RANSOM — YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE THE MERCY FLIGHT HOW SPLENDID — WOULD YOU CARE TO SAY A FEW WORDS OVER THE AIR — I HAVE A REMOTE CONTROL TRUCK OUTSIDE?"



SOMETHING PHONEY ABOUT THAT ANNOUNCER

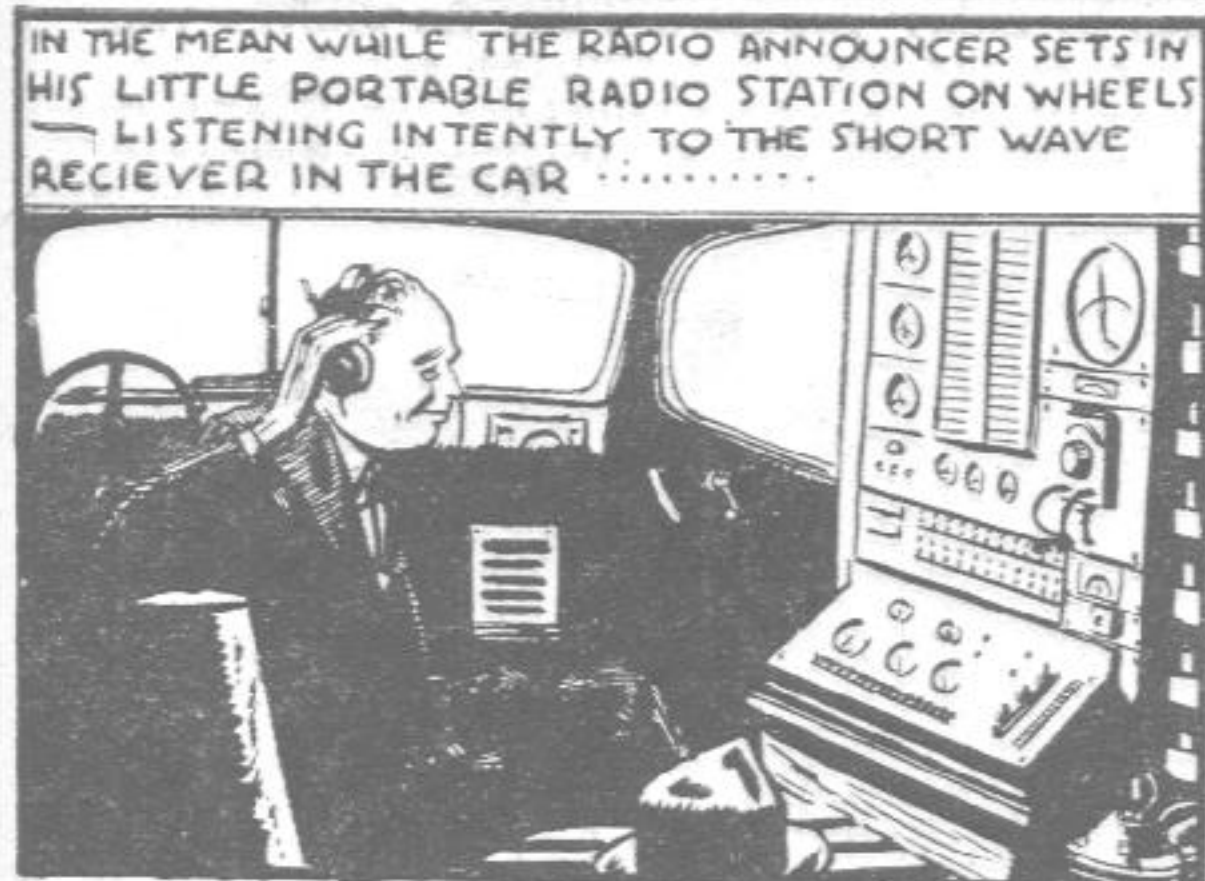
THERE'S THE LAST OF THE GAS — THE SHIP IS READY TO GO —



TEN AND A HALF HOURS TO MAKE THIS TRIP — EH WELL I'LL BE SEE'IN YOU

HAPPY LANDINGS — SKIPPER

CAPT. RANSOM IS OFF ON HIS FAST DASH IN TREACHEROUS WEATHER



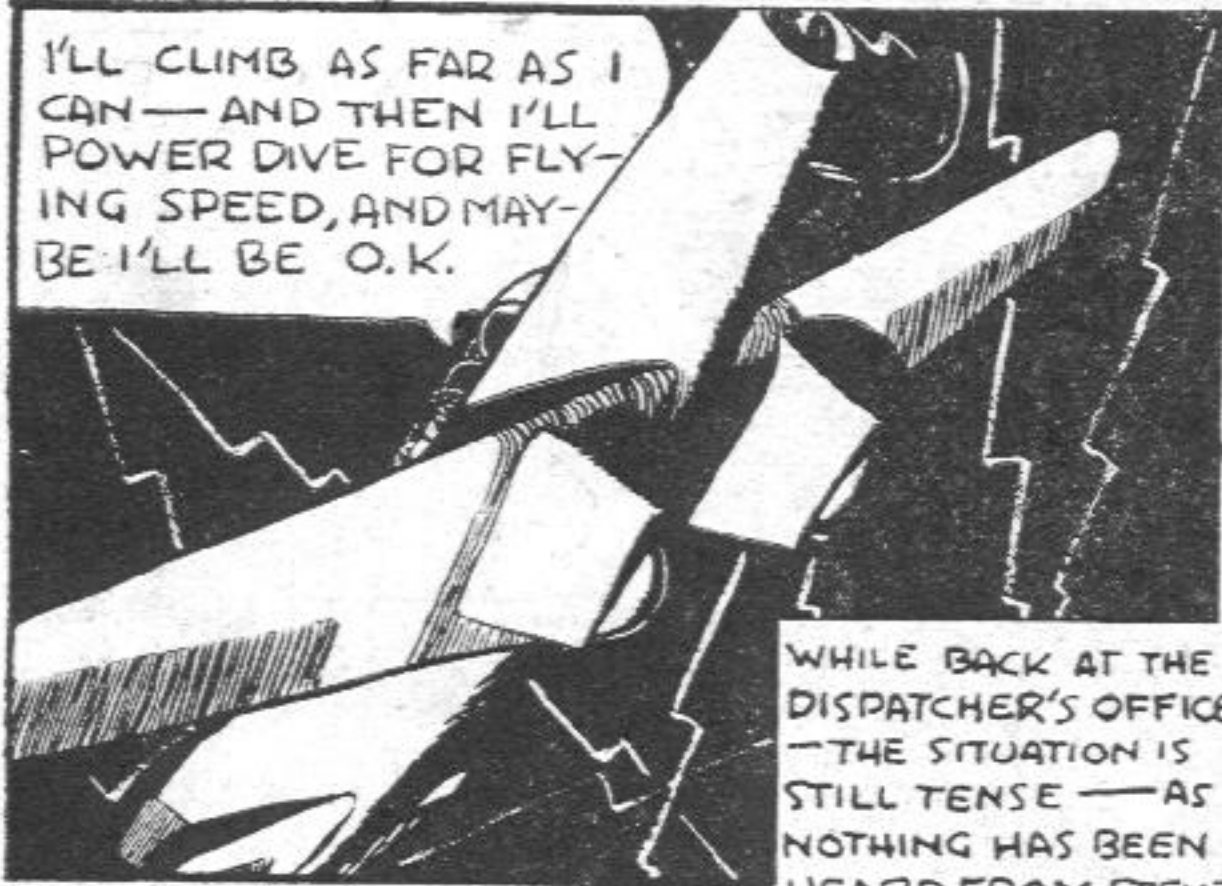
STEVE RANSOM AT THE SAME TIME IS FULLY OCCUPIED WITH HIS OWN TROUBLES -----



IF I LOSE ANY MORE ALTITUDE I'M WASHED-UP

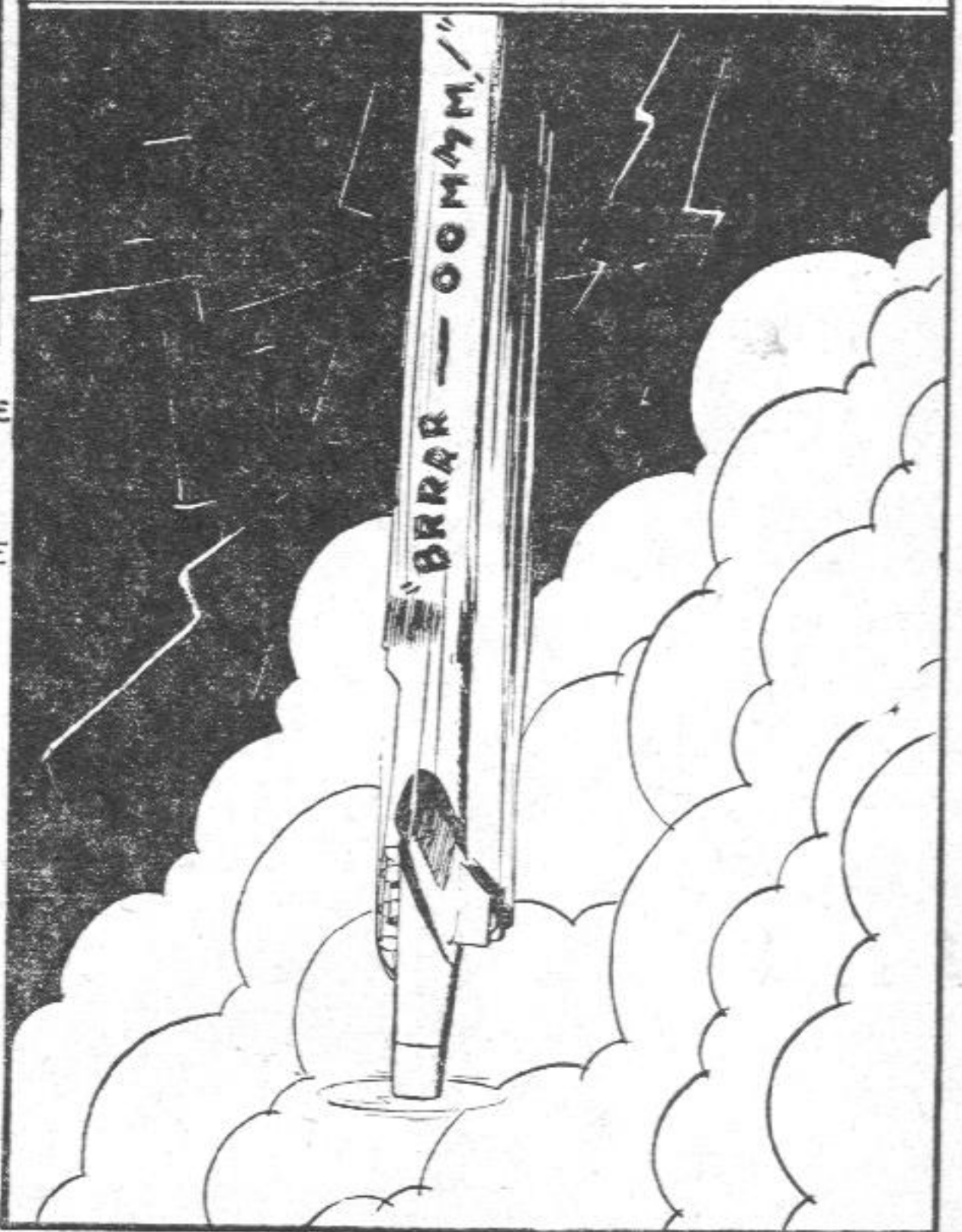


I'LL CLIMB AS FAR AS I CAN — AND THEN I'LL POWER DIVE FOR FLYING SPEED, AND MAYBE I'LL BE O.K.



AS THEY LISTEN TO THE RADIO - A SHOUT!

AND AT EIGHT THOUSAND FEET HE SHOVES THE NOSE OF HIS SHIP TOWARD THE EARTH — AND HURTTLES DOWNWARD THROUGH THE STORMY NIGHT



YES I HAVE A GUN — SO KINDLY GET OVER IN THE CORNER — SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR LITTLE SNACK.



I'LL PIPE CAPT. RANSOM IN ON THE SPEAKER — AND THEN ALL OF YOU CAN HEAR ME GIVE HIM — HIS DIRECTIONS TO HIS DOOM —





THE MASKED MAN BENDS DOWN TO— EXAMINE HIS VICTIM — WHEN — SALLY — SPEAKS — PROVING SHE'S SOMEWHAT LESS THAN DEAD — A FIERCE — BATTLE ENSUES





"WELL NOW WE CAN TAKE HIS MASK OFF AND HAVE A LOOK—"

"LISTEN—ISN'T THAT A PLANE CIRCLING THE FIELD?"



"IT'S STEVE! I'D KNOW THAT 'COFFEE GRINDER' OF HIS ANYWHERE—OPEN THE WINDOW—AND MAKE SURE

THE SOUND OF THE PLANE—SURPRISES EVERYONE—AND THEY LISTEN CAREFULLY WHILE THE SHIP CIRCLING THE FIELD—LANDS—AND SLOWLY APPROACHES THE HANGERS—THE MASKED MAN—LISTENS JUST AS INTENTLY AS THE OTHERS—AND WITH NO COMMENT—BUT



HE WATCHES THE DISPATCHER CLOSELY AS HE OPENS THE WINDOW—

"GOSH!" "I WONDER HOW HE MADE IT—? I THOUGHT HE WAS WASHOUT—SURE!"



HELLO FOLKS!—WHY THE ROWDY WELCOME?

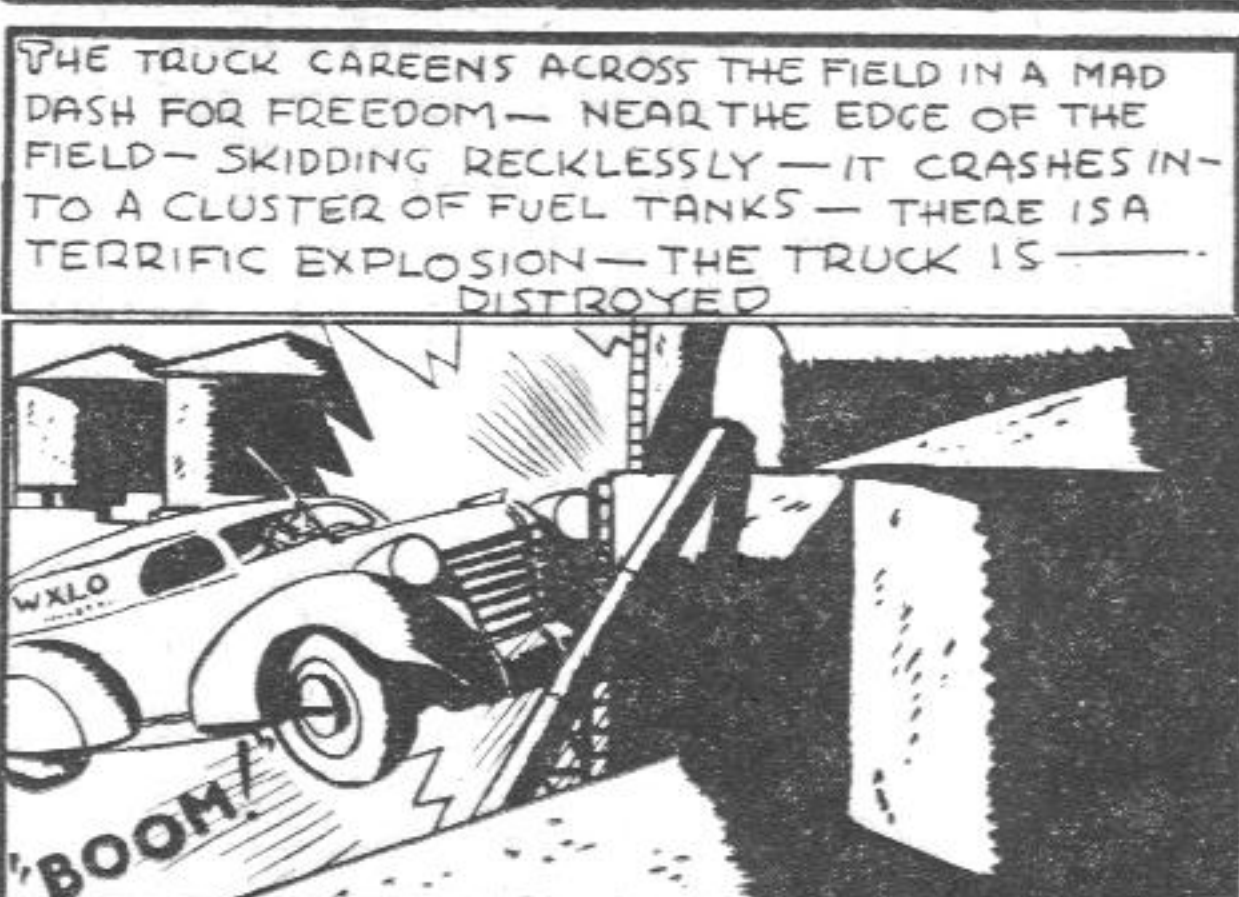
"OH BOY!" "AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!"



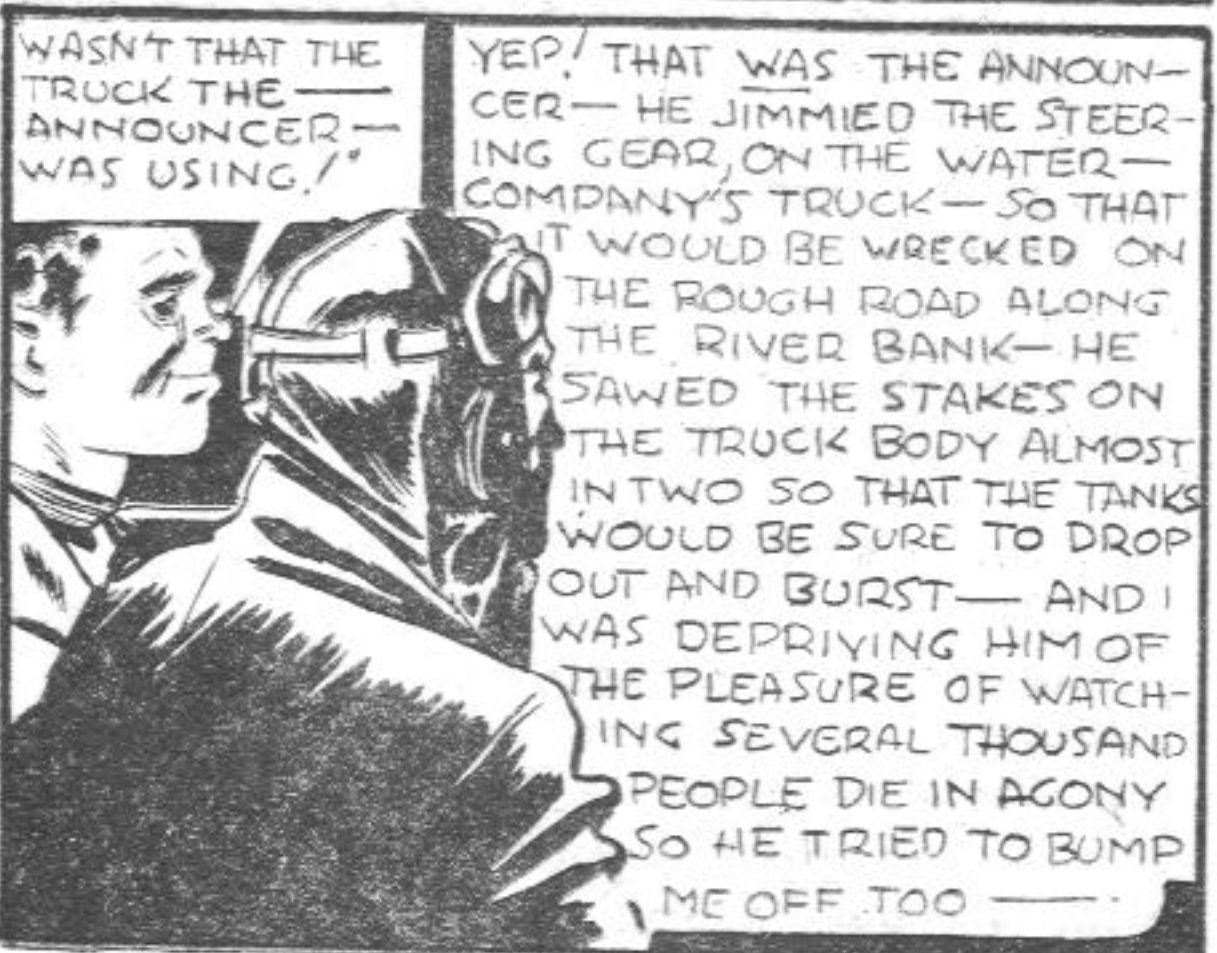
WHILE EVERYONE IS BUSY WELCOMING STEVE—THE MASKED FIGURE STEALTHILY CLIMBS THROUGH THE WINDOW



HE RUNS TO A SMALL TRUCK PARKED IN THE SHADOW OF THE HANGER



THE TRUCK CAREENS ACROSS THE FIELD IN A MAD DASH FOR FREEDOM—NEAR THE EDGE OF THE FIELD—SKIDDING RECKLESSLY—IT CRASHES INTO A CLUSTER OF FUEL TANKS—THERE IS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION—THE TRUCK IS—
DESTROYED



WASN'T THAT THE TRUCK THE ANNOUNCER—WAS USING!"

YEP! THAT WAS THE ANNOUNCER—HE JIMMIED THE STEERING GEAR, ON THE WATER—COMPANY'S TRUCK—SO THAT IT WOULD BE WRECKED ON THE ROUGH ROAD ALONG THE RIVER BANK—HE SAWED THE STAKES ON THE TRUCK BODY ALMOST IN TWO SO THAT THE TANKS WOULD BE SURE TO DROP OUT AND BURST—AND I WAS DEPRIVING HIM OF THE PLEASURE OF WATCHING SEVERAL THOUSAND PEOPLE DIE IN AGONY—SO HE TRIED TO BUMP ME OFF TOO—



NOW LET'S GET THAT SERUM TO THE HOSPITAL—IT'S A GOOD THING THAT RAT MISSED ME WHEN HE SHOT OR I'D BE A CUSTOMER FOR THEM

YEH,—SALLY I HEARD YOU YELL WHEN HE TOOK THE SHOT AT YOU—THAT'S WHAT TIPPED ME OFF—I WAS LUCKY AND PICKED UP THE BEAM—AND I CAME IN BLIND

MURDER

STORY

Detective story writers should 'live' their plots—and here is a plot that came to life!

A Short Short Story Complete In This Issue

By Lloyd Victor

WHAT puzzles me is this," said Crothers, "where in the world do you get the ideas for all those stories you write, Sanders?"

There were six or seven men sitting in the library of the World Explorers' Club, discussing many things. Sanders, the well-known and very popular detective thriller writer, had been a brilliant and distinguished guest at dinner. Crothers, the fellow who had asked Sanders the question, was a big brute of a man, who had been in every corner of the world, thoroughly unafraid, and probably a bit cynical about life.

"Where do I get my story material?" answered Sanders. "Why everywhere! In this very room, there are probably dozens of stories."

"You mean right here, in front of us, and we don't even recognize them as stories?" asked Timmons, another explorer.

"Yes, Mr. Timmons," explained Sanders. "Aside from the fact that each and everyone of you here, men of action and daring, has a different and complete story within himself, there are combinations of those lives of yours that right now would give me enough plots for hundreds of stories."

"Well", countered Crothers, "all that stuff sounds mighty theoretical to me, Mr. Sanders. Let's have something more . . . more definite, so we can understand what you mean. An example. For instance, take me . . ."

A quiet laugh went up from the group. Perhaps this was going to be interesting. Sanders was a man of great and fast intelligence. He was surrounded with strong men, perhaps a bit dull when it came to juggling plots, ideas, and stories, but not slow when it came to action, and a bit of excitement.

"That's an idea!" approved Timmons.

"Bit of a guinea pig in you too, eh, Crothers," twitted Dr. Amy.

"A trick, right before our very eyes, gentlemen," said Masters, an archeologist who dabbled in magic and stunts.

In the silence that followed, everyone was at attention, and waiting for Sanders to start.

AS you gentlemen know," began Sanders, "psychologists say that an author must have lived the stories that he writes . . ."

"It's about time the D. A. knew about this, Mr. Sanders," mockingly put in Crothers. "Why, you've committed any number of 'murders' already!"

Sanders laughed. His forty or fifty best sellers, each on a different pattern, accounted for a half hundred murders at least!

"What I mean is that you live the emotion," corrected Sanders. "For instance, I have 'murdered'—in my mind only!—practically every person here. It works—"

A ripple of laughter went up from the group. They looked at each other, the towering Crothers, the muscular Timmons, the quick Masters, and the knowing Dr. Amy. It was indeed funny to think that little Sanders could have murdered any one of them!

"Well, I shall demonstrate my point, gentlemen," said Sanders, who seemed to be a little put out from the way the group was taking his expert explanations.

"Mr. Crothers, for instance, has been heckling me all evening," went on Sanders. "I mean, of course that this is fiction, and—it makes story material."

"Mr. Crothers, then, has been challenging my statements, and has been, shall we say, picking a fight. Now, gentlemen, Mr. Crothers is a very large, powerful person, with a

record of courage that we all know about. On the other hand, I am small, physically unprepared, and nobody would expect me to ever be able to face a lion in the desert!"

The group were listening now. The discussion was getting down to cases, with the writer working on the ground, as it were.

"All right, then, Mr. Sanders," said Crothers, "we will say that I didn't like you, and wanted to fight it out. There would have to be a reason, for your plot."

"I am coming to that, Mr. Crothers," replied Sanders. "The reason that you are taking exception to my statement is, shall we say, that I do not believe your last expedition was genuine, and that you never went to the region you said you did, and that, therefore, you are an impostor . . . Of course," hastened to add Sanders as he watched the uneasy Crothers "this is purely imagination on my part, gentlemen, you understand that!"

"But to continue. Mr. Crothers and I become more and more excited, until finally, the situation calls for action, and I, realizing that I am the weakest, look for a weapon . . ."

So saying, Sanders raced toward a large display of bows, arrows, and hand knives and swords that someone had brought, years ago, from Africa into the World Explorers' Club, and which eventually had been hung on this wall. Sanders paused a second, and took out a heavy snake wood spear, which he bandied about not too expertly.

Of course, it was strictly against club rules for anyone to disturb property such as this. On the part of a guest, which Sanders was, it was hardly less excusable. Sanders came running toward the group, who was waiting to see what he would do next.

He lunged directly toward Crothers, with

the spear. It was all unexpected, incredible, and fast. Sanders tried to spear Crothers, as though he really hated him as much as he said he did! Crothers easily brushed the Zulu spear away, and several of the members grabbed Sanders, who offered no resistance at all, but just smiled.

"Say, there, Mr. Writer, you go about things in a pretty realistic way," said Crothers. "You know, you might have speared me through and through!"

"It might not have been necessary, Crothers," put in Timmons. "Even a little scratch would do the trick with the tip end of that blade. Poison, you know, and all that sort of thing!"

In horror, they all looked at the slight gash in Crothers hand, where the blade had cut him as he grasped the spear from Sanders' hands. Dr. Amy rushed over, into expert action.

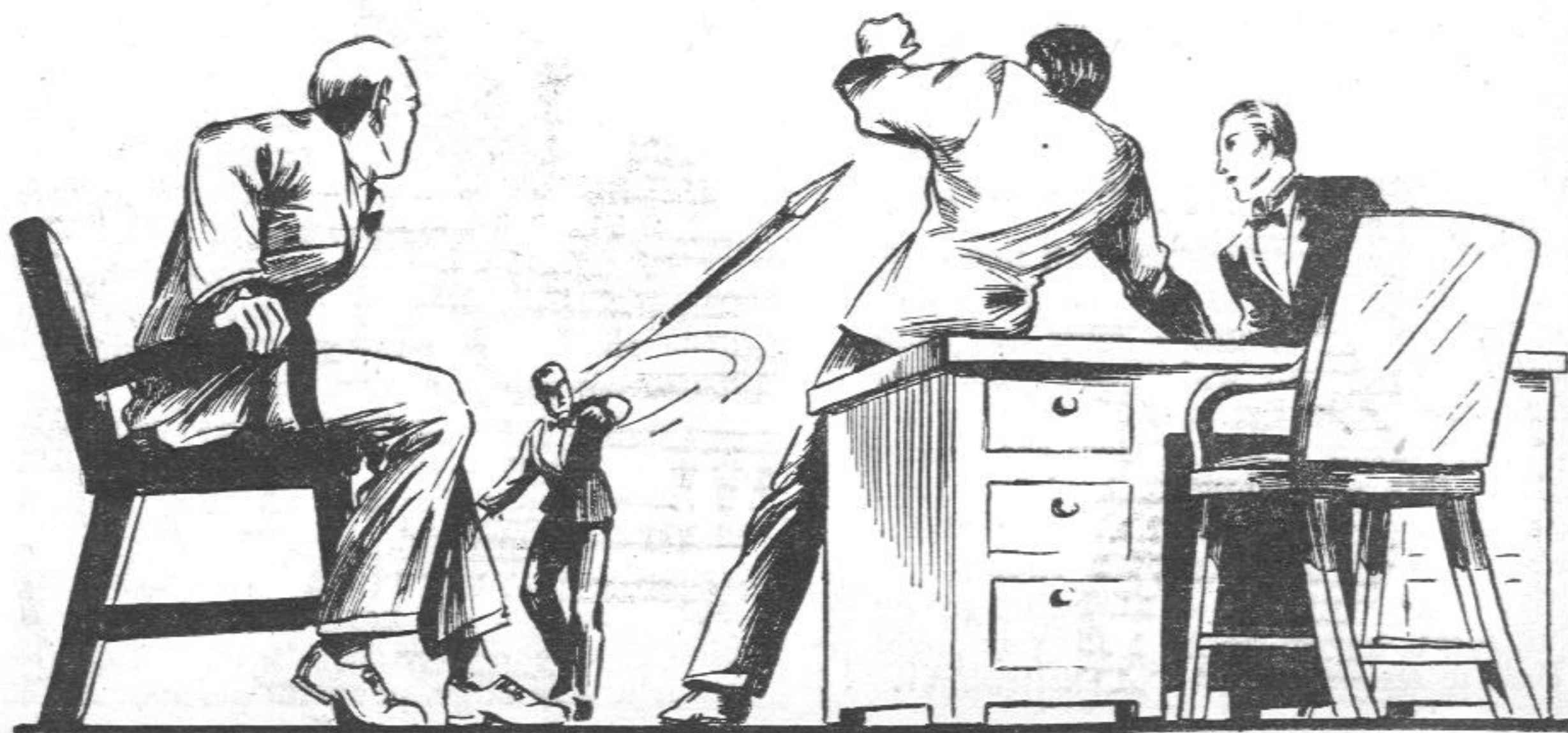
"Quick, men, let's rush him to the hospital!" he said, "Unless, of course, it's too late already . . ."

Crothers was beginning to pale, and the bulk of him lay on the large davenport. All the men crowded around him. They could understand, being all explorers, that the subtle poison of the jungle savages was working, working swiftly, and that in another few minutes, Crothers, the giant, would die!

"Sanders! Where's Sanders?" shouted one of them, as they all turned to look. He was nowhere around. Sanders had fled the room and the Club.

"Well", said Timmons slowly, "that writer fellow now has at least one real life murder plot that he's lived through—and my hunch is he won't live long enough to write it!"

The End



BOOMERANG



BOYS, IF WE DON'T GIT BACK THEM
STOLEN COWS, I'M RUINT!



I'LL FIND THAT HERD,
BOSS, DON'T YUH WORRY.
I GOT A HUNCH THEY'RE
NEARBY!

HO, YUH'LL DO
WHAT YORE
BETTERS CANT
BILLY- THEM
COWS'RE IN
MEXICO!



YUH'VE BIN PURTY
TOUGH WITH ME, JAKE.
I'VE TOOK IT 'CAUSE
O' MR. LEWIS!

DON'T FIGHT,
BOYS, WHILE
I'M SICK!



YUH SKUNK, BILLY, I GOT A MIND
TO BEAT YORE FACE IN!





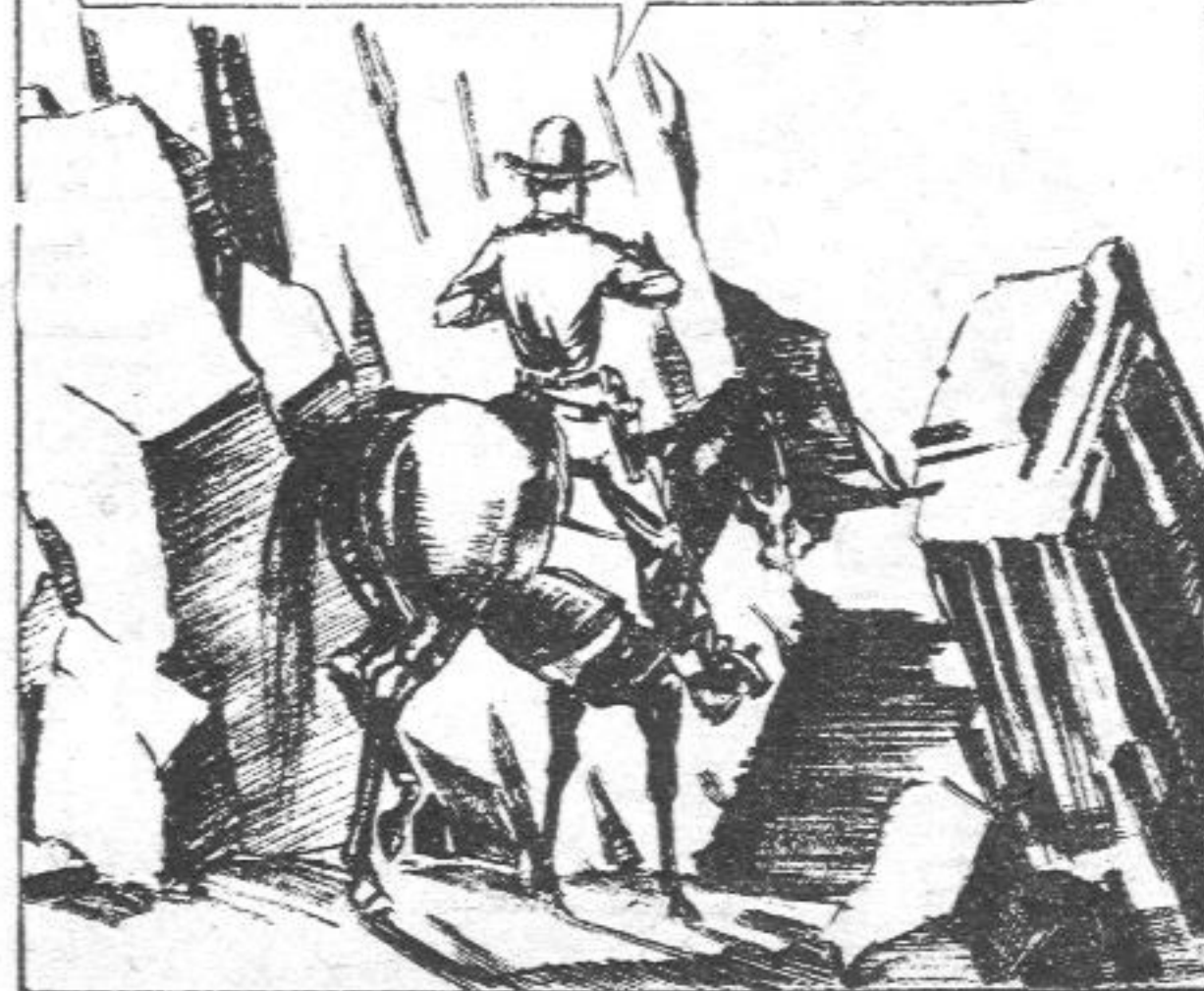
AH, CHANG, I'LL RIDE OUT AND FIND THEM COWS SOON'S I STORE UP!



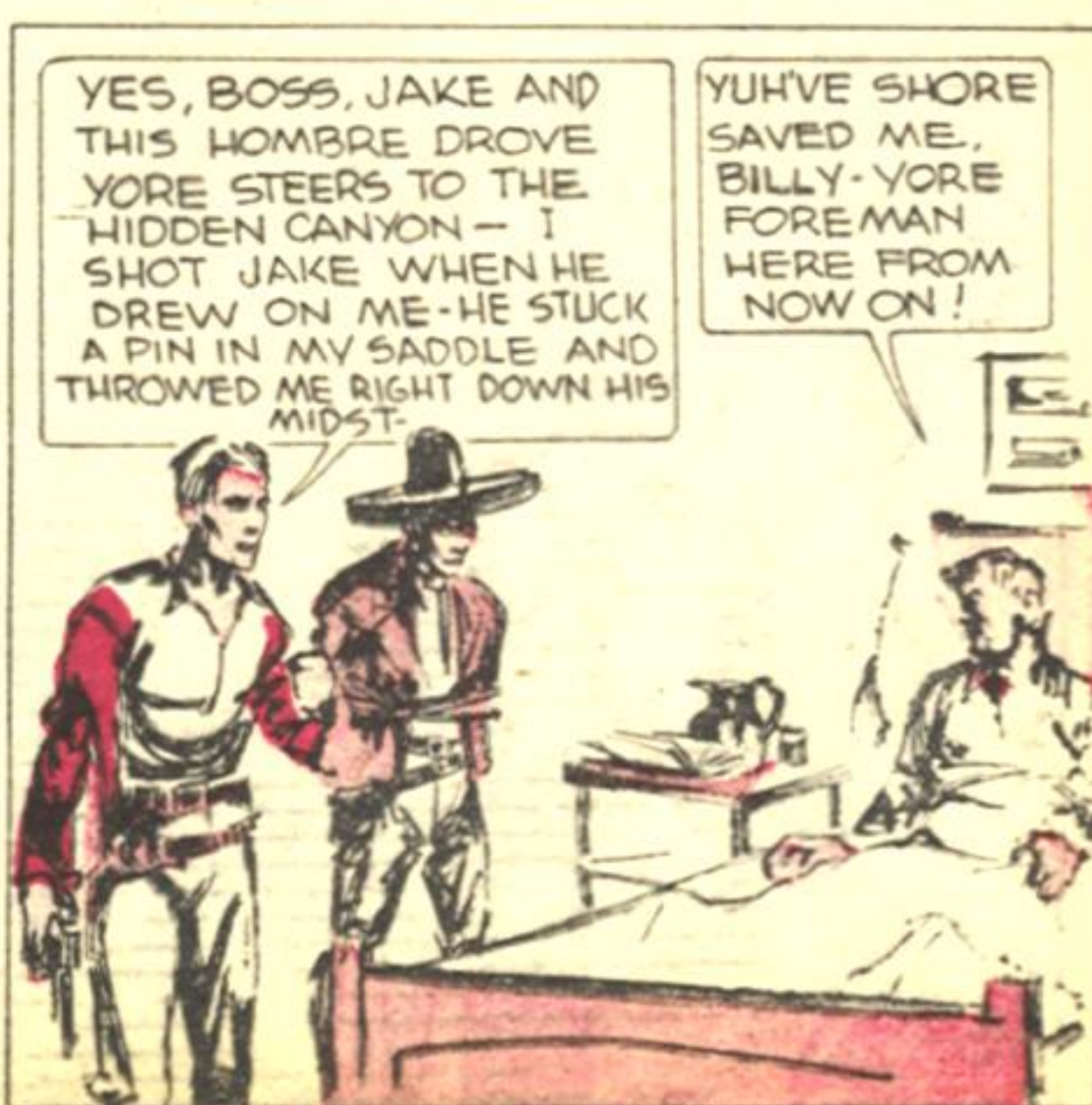
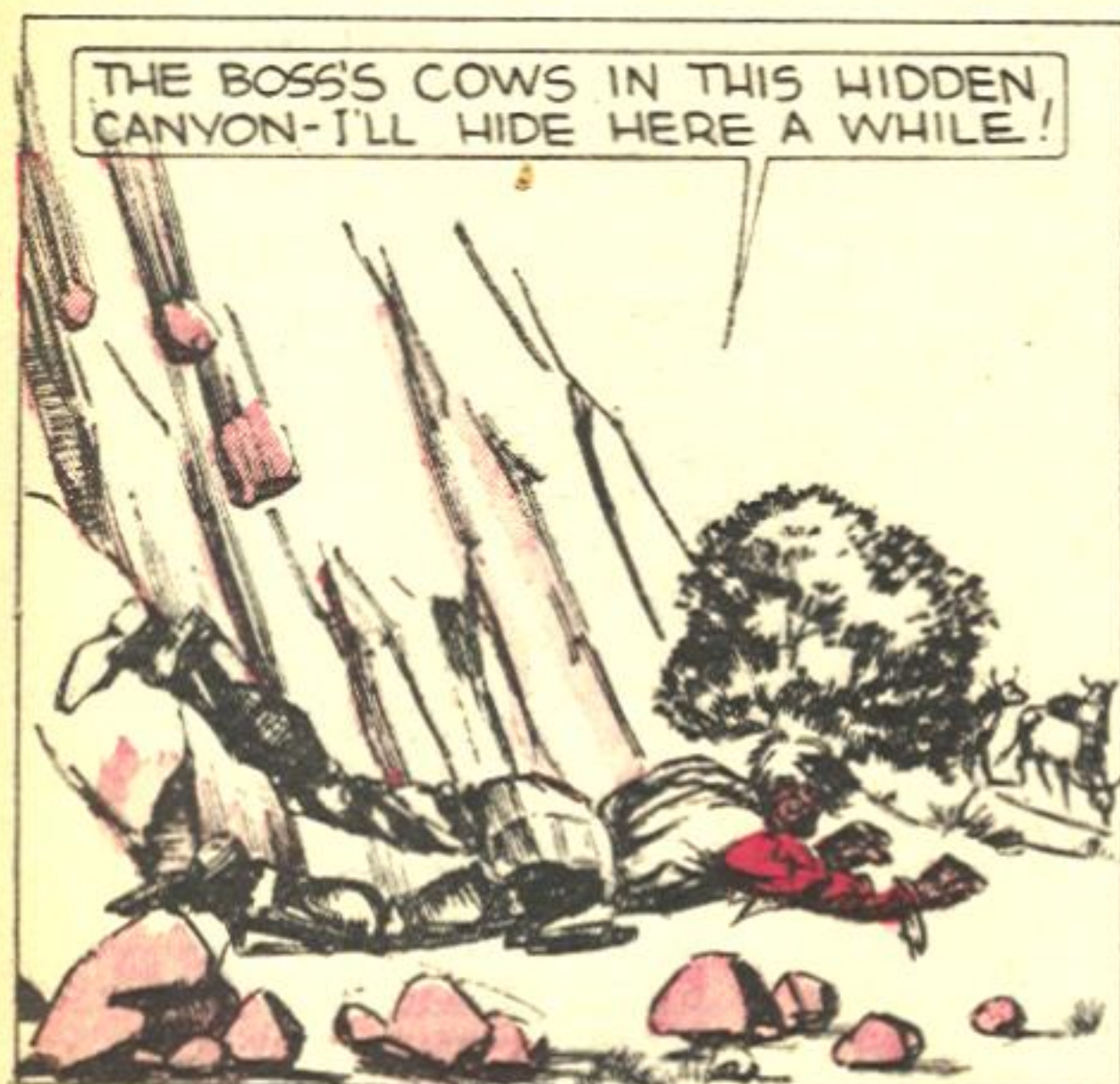
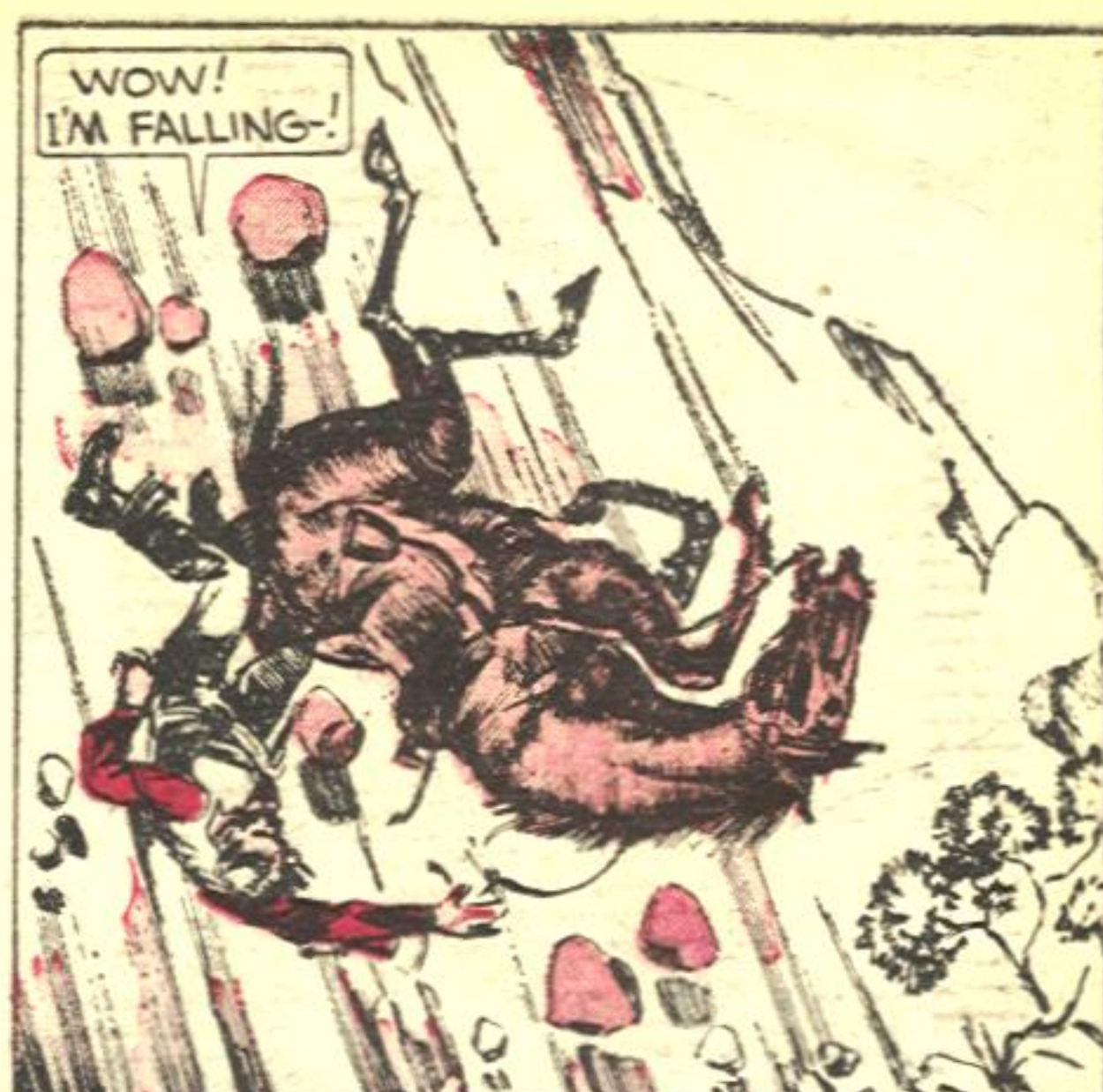
I'LL LEARN HIM! THIS'LL WORK DOWN WHEN HE'S OUT A WAYS, AND THEN-



THAT TRAIL'S LOST ON THE SHALE, BUT I BELIEVE THEM COWS'RE NEAR HERE!



THE SADDLE PIN WORKS THROUGH THE LEATHER INTO THE HORSE'S HIDE--



TONY, HERE, IS DEAD -- I'M BOSS NOW! -- ANY BODY DONT LIKE IT ?? --

- S-SURE YER TOPS WID US --- BOSS!

-THE HEADQUARTERS OF A SMALL GANG-

ACT. 1ST.

GOT ALL
DE DOUGH
BOYS ???

YEH! C'MON BOSS
DE OL' MAN'S TOO SCART
TO DO ANY THING-
-- WE'LL JUS'
TIE HIM UP!!

- WELL - I'LL JUST MAKE
SURE - - YOU'RE TOO OLD TO LIVE MISTER!!
- AN' I DONT LIKE YOUR FACE !!!

OCT. 10

AL BANK

OCT. 20

TAKE YER
TIME IN THERE
BOYS - DIS COP
WONT BOTHER US

SO- YOU
RECOGNIZE ME EH??
WAL AINT DAT NICE!!--

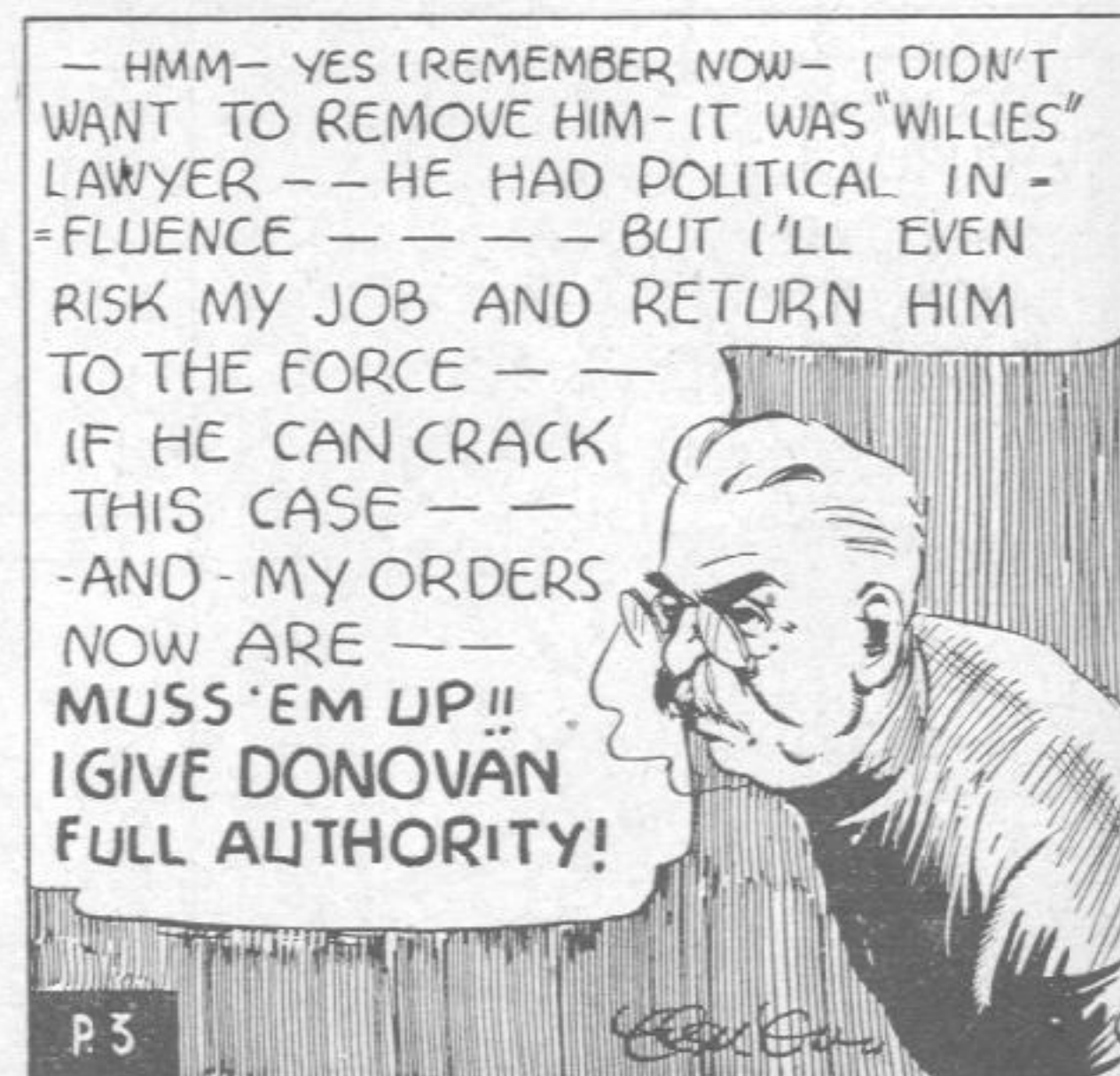
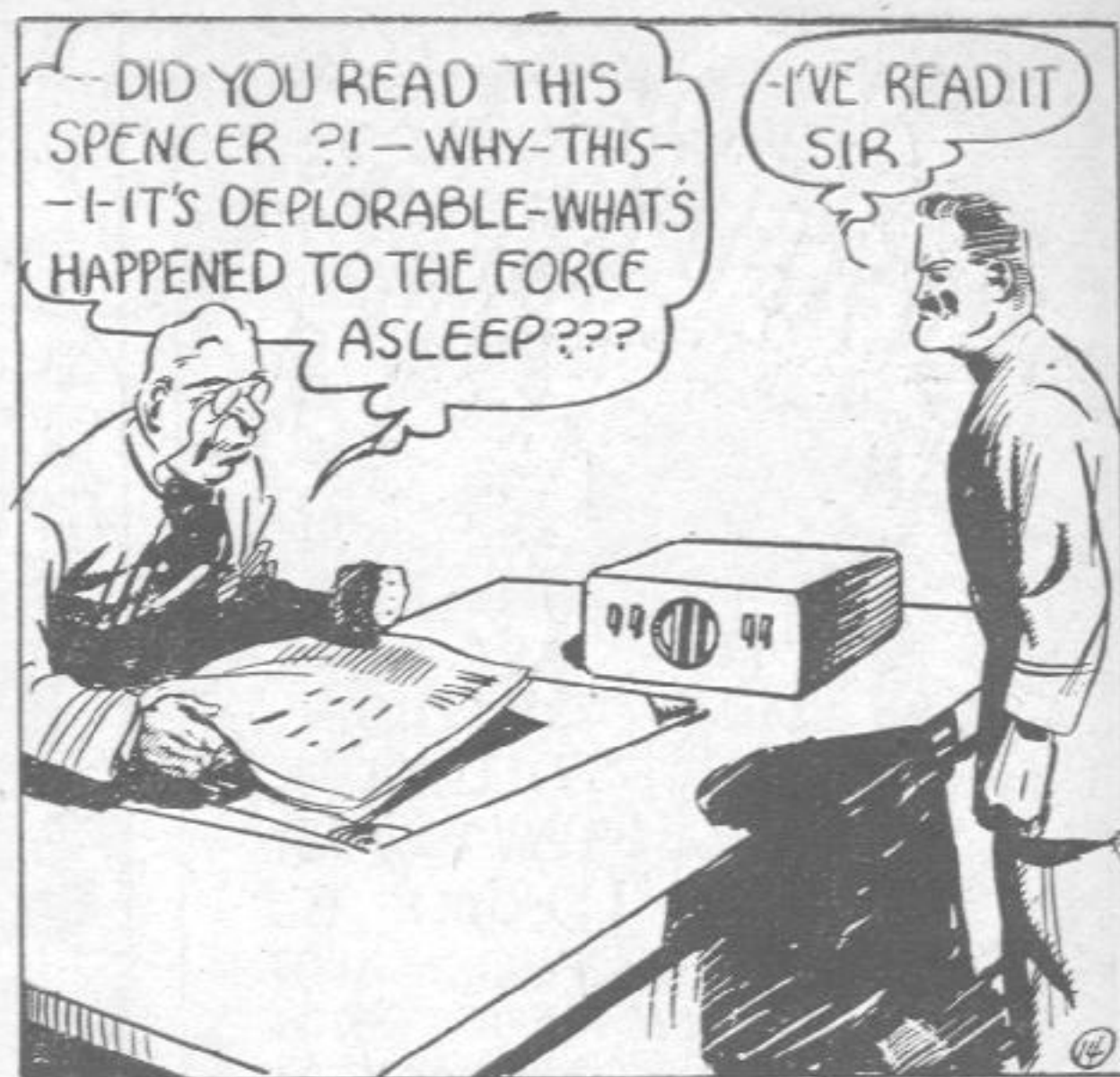
BANG!

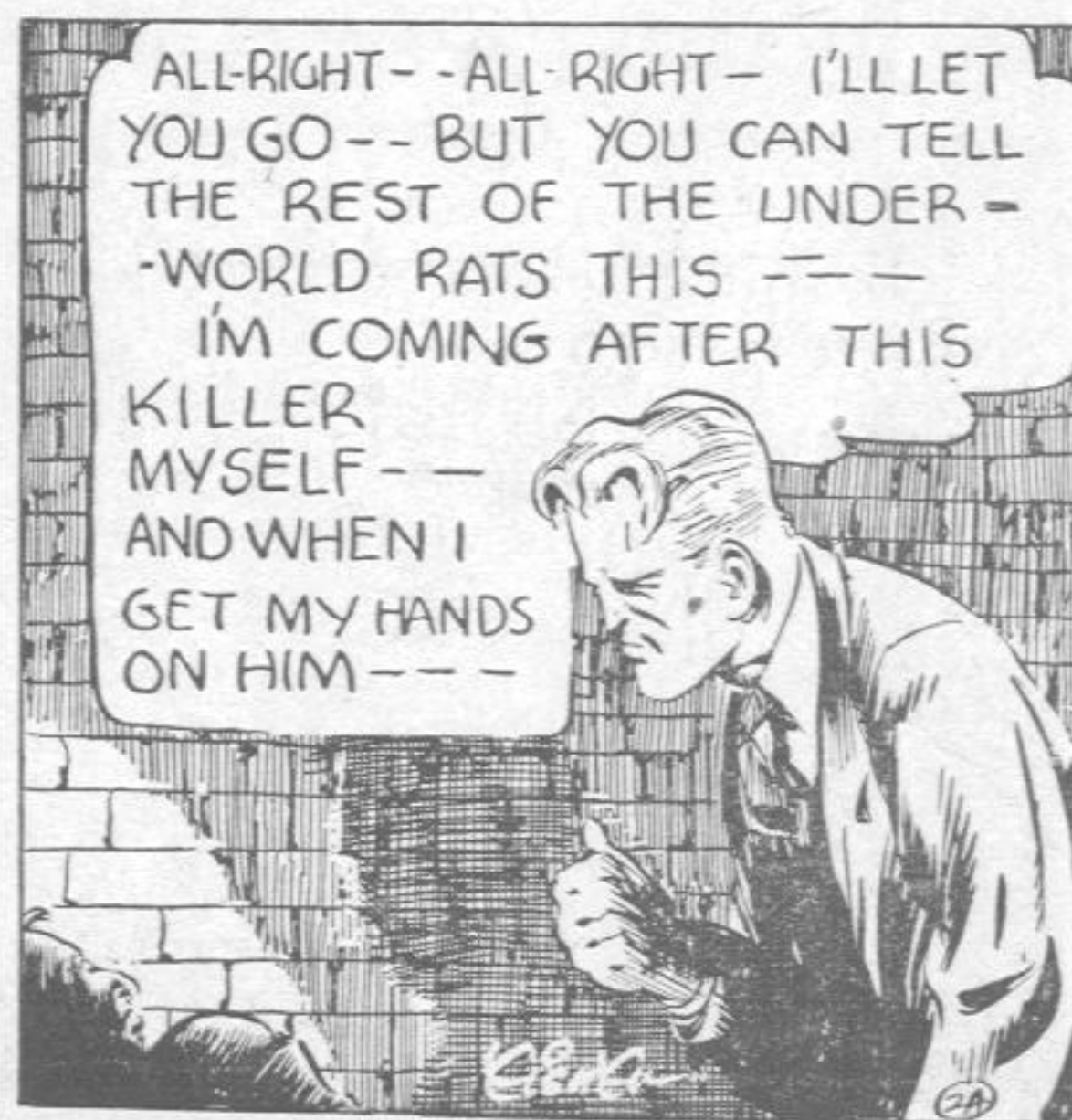
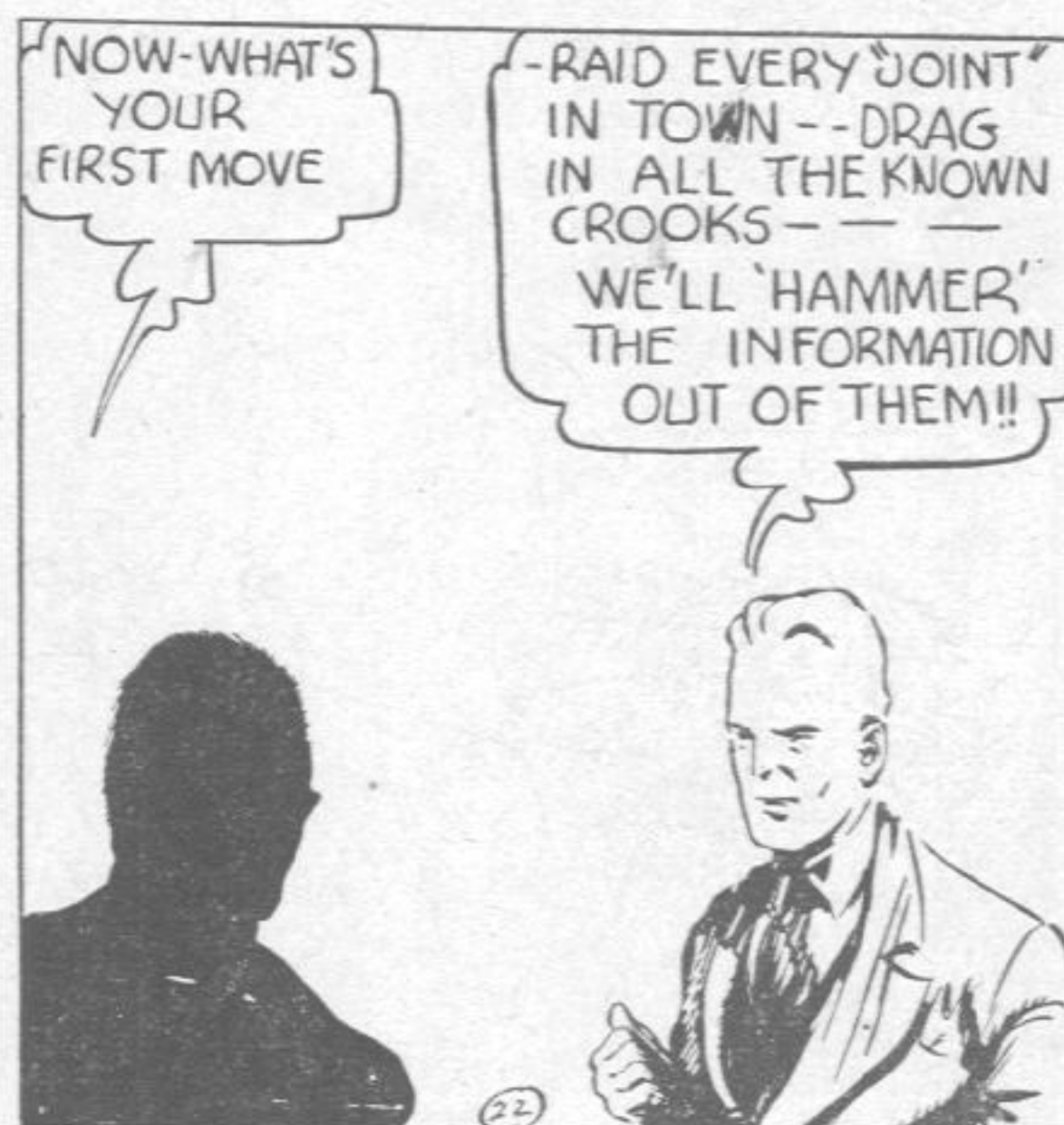
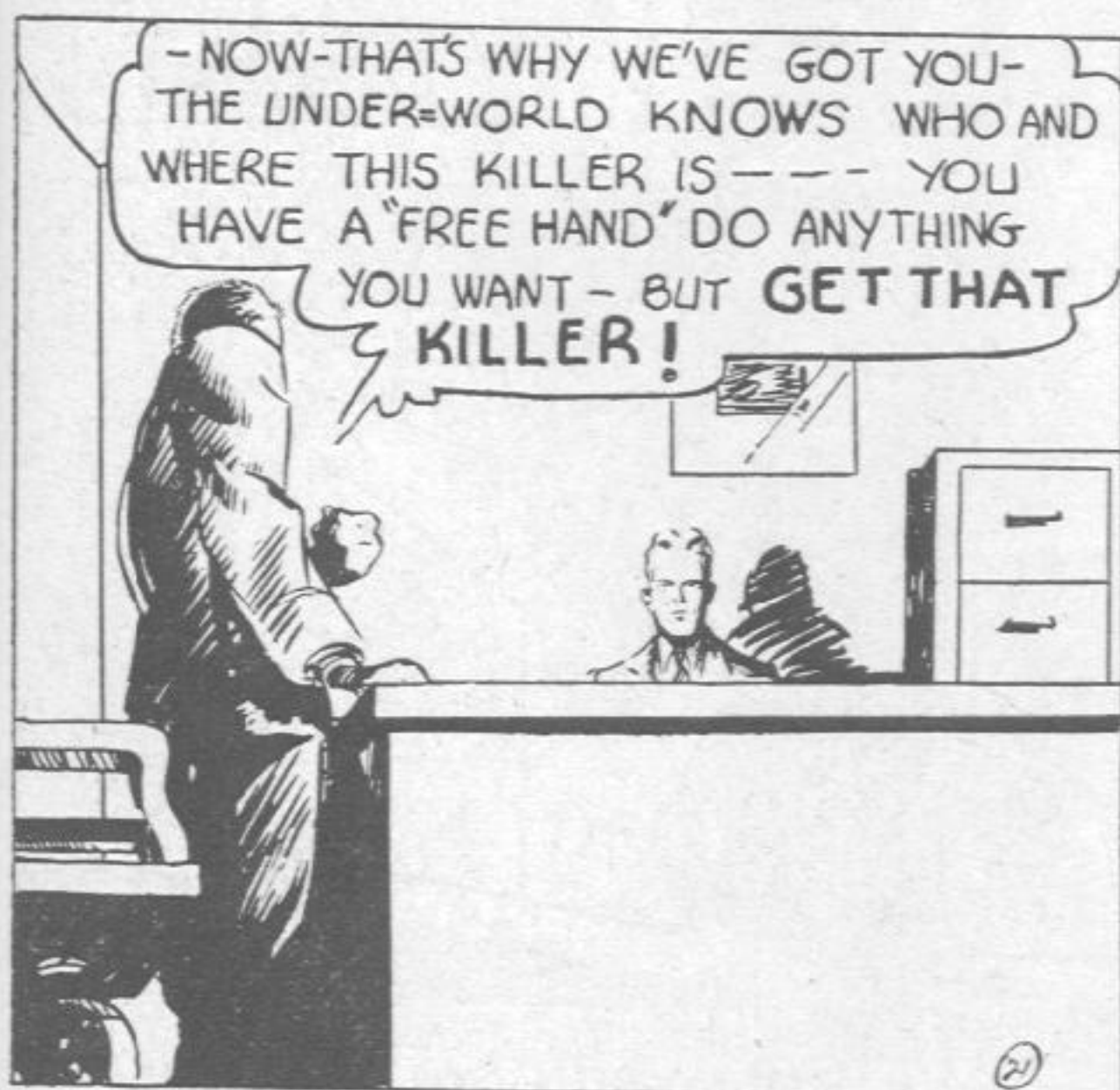
DEC 8

- I TOLD YOU
NOT TO MAKE ANY
NOISE!! --- I'LL BE
RIGHT 'WITCHA' BOYS--

BANG







— HAMMER DONOVAN'S HOME THE NEXT MORNING — —

—HELLO--YES HEADQUARTERS THIS IS DONOVAN-WHAT?? ANOTHER MURDER?--
—DID YOU QUESTION THE DYING WITNESS?
—SO-- -- -- IT'S **MIKE MOARELLI** EH?
— -- -- WELL NOW WE'VE AT LEAST GOT SOMETHING TO WORK ON!! — — —



YES -- I'M GOING OUT TO GET HIM!!
— BLOCK ALL HIGHWAY'S IN-AND-OUT OF THE CITY--
— COVER THE SHIPPING AND RAIL DEPOTS --
— THATS ALL UNTIL YOU NEXT HEAR FROM ME --
— -- -- THANKS

THIS MORNING PASSES WEARILY INTO EVENING
— AS HAMMER CONTINUES HIS SEARCH — —

C'MON SPILL!! —
WHERE IS MIKE??



'CHEEZ' — DON'T HIT ME NO MORE DONOVAN!
— HONES' I'M TELLIN YUH DE' TRUTH — I DONT KNOW WHERE HE IS --
— I SWEAR IT!!



WELL -- WELL -- WELL IF IT ISNT 'HOPHEAD HARRY' -- HOW'S THE DOPE BUSINESS?



WOTCHA' WANT WID ME -- I AINT DONE NUTHIN!!



GOING OUT BY SELF?



YES FEN SOO --
GOING RAT HUNTING -- IT'S MIKE MOARELLI -- I'M ITCHING TO TAKE A CRACK AT HIM -- WELL HERE GOES NOTHING!!



HONEST BOSS I AINT SEEN HIM NO PLACE



IT HAD BETTER BE THE TRUTH!!



— I'M LOOKING FOR MIKE MOARELLI -- YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS -- AND YOUR GOING TO TELL ME BECAUSE IF YOU DONT -- WELL -- I HEAR THAT THE NARCOTIC SQUAD IS LOOKING FOR YOU -- WELL -- DO I GET THE INFO??



— P-PLEASE -- DONT -- I'LL TALK -- -- HHE'S HIDIN' OUT IN BACK O' MOONY'S GARAGE -- D -- DONT TELL 'EM WILLYUH DEY'LL KILL ME SSSURE!





-A SLY SMILE APPEARS ON
MIKE'S FACE AS HE SEES
THAT HAMMER DONOVAN
IS ALONE ---

- SUDDENLY "HAMMER" SPINS
AROUND AND FIRES AT A
FIGURE CONCEALED BEHIND
A DRAPERY ---



THE END

Lucky Coyne

A slight error

A FINE WAY TO LOOK FOR A BUNCH O' MURDERS! WALKIN' THE STREETS ALL NIGHT!

IT'S THE ONLY WAY. KILLER SLOAN CAN'T STAY HOLED UP FOREVER AND HE'S IN THIS PART OF TOWN.



Sergeant Neil "Lucky" Coyne and Detective Mike McDune were assigned to the difficult and dangerous task of finding Killer Sloane, escaped murderer. They trailed him to a quiet section of the city, but there the trail was lost. McDune, gruff and impatient for action, had found this ceaseless search monotonous.

LET'S DROP IN ON DOC BROWN. I WANT TO SEE ONE OF HIS PATIENTS.

OKAY WITH ME. MY DOGS ARE TIRED.



They paused in their weary patrol before the home of a friend, Dr. Samuel Brown. They needed a rest and Doc Brown would welcome them no matter how late the hour. They were greeted warmly by the old doctor and as they entered his home he beamed at them, glad of their company.

WE GOTTA HURRY OR SLOAN WILL BE DEAD! HE NEEDS A DOCTOR BAD.

DR. SAMUEL BROWN



Two sinister figures stopped their car in front of Dr. Samuel Brown's home. They drew guns and crept up to the door. They scanned the brass nameplate with satisfaction. One pressed the doorbell and they raised their guns to greet whoever answered their ring. They were plainly nervous and waited impatiently, swearing at the delay and keeping a sharp lookout for anyone on the quiet street.

WE GOT A CASE FOR YOU, DOC. GET YOUR CLOTHES AND YOUR BAG.

BUT I'M AFRAID I CAN'T HELP YOU--

YOU'LL HELP US ALL RIGHT.



When Dr. Brown opened the door, he was greeted by two guns and the hard glint in the eyes of the men behind them indicated that resistance would be certain suicide. Dr. Brown tried to protest, but the men jabbed him with their weapons and snarled an order for him to hurry.

DON'T MOVE! THOSE MUGS WILL LEAD US TO KILLER SLOAN



But the gunmen didn't know that two detectives were crouched in a small room just off the hall. Dr. Brown stepped back slowly, drawing the men into the trap. His features remained calm and betrayed none of the excitement that seethed within him.

WE GOT A PAL WHO'S BEEN HURT AND HE NEEDS A DOCTOR. YOU'RE GONNA FIX HIM UP OR ELSE--

BUT I TELL YOU I CAN'T HELP--

SHUT UP!



The gunmen forced him into a car and they sped rapidly out of the city limits. On the trip Dr. Brown learned why he was needed. A friend of the men who had kidnapped him had been shot and needed a physician's care. Dr. Brown vainly tried to protest, but he was not given an opportunity. Where were Lucky Coyne and Big Mike? They had made no attempt to grab the gunmen!



The moment that the gunmen rolled away with Dr. Brown in their car, Lucky and Big Mike were on the street hailing a taxi. They sped in pursuit. Lucky, thinking swiftly, guessed that Killer Sloan had been wounded in his getaway and his pals had kidnapped Doc Brown to treat him.



The car traveled far out of the city and stopped behind an old farmhouse. Dr. Brown, with a gun in the small of his back, was pushed into the house. He was led to a bedroom where he found a man with a chest wound from a bullet. Brown recognized him as Killer Sloan, wanted for robbery and murder. The two gunmen promised Brown a thousand dollars if he could help Sloan.



Dr. Brown knew only too well that the offer of a thousand-dollar fee was only a ruse. Once Killer Sloan was well again, guns would surely bark. Yet Dr. Brown felt sorry for the wounded killer. He treated him as best he could, hoping against hope for an opportunity to escape. To jump the guns would have been sheer suicide. Coyne and Big Mike must have followed! Were they preparing a raid on this farmhouse?



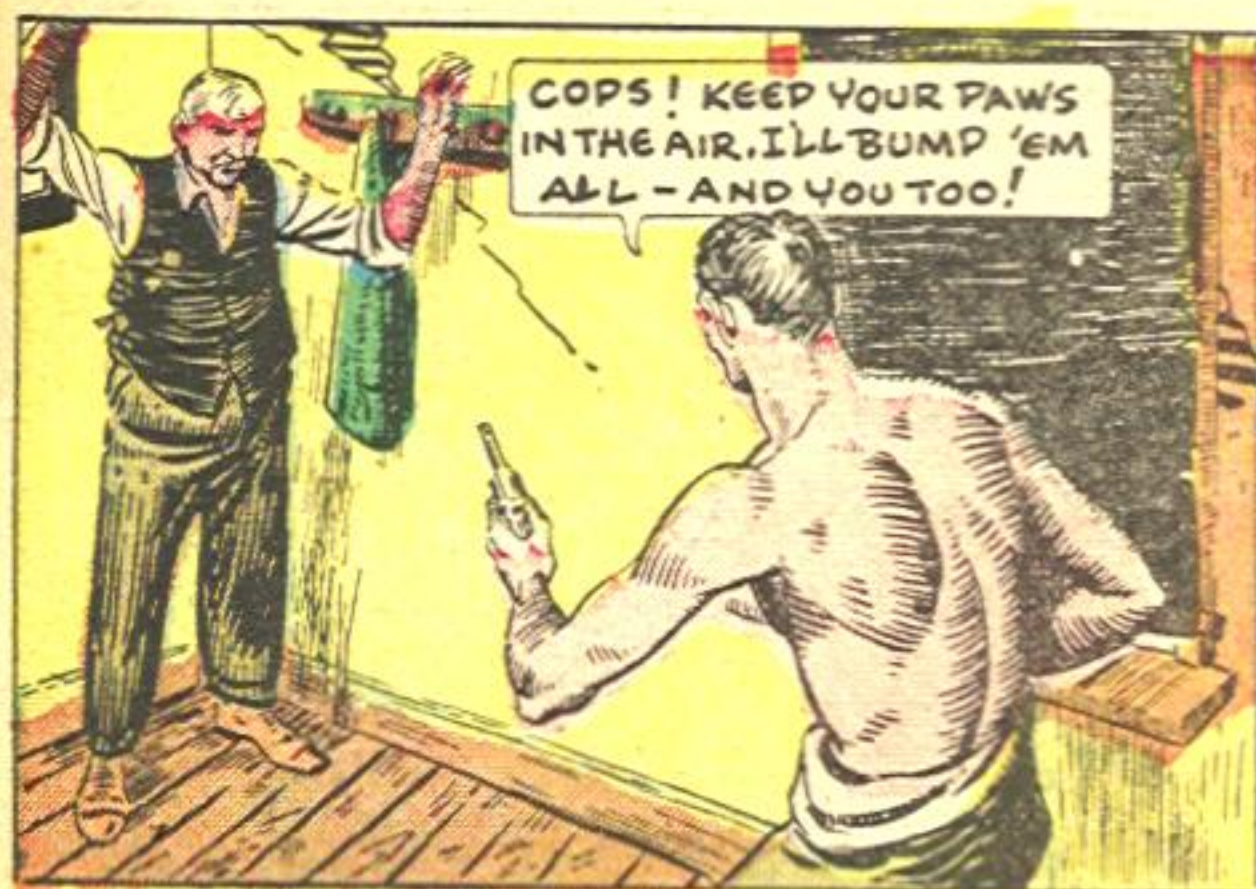
Outside, hidden behind the high brush, the two detectives sized up the house. Big Mike was all for rushing the place and fighting it out, but Lucky's saner judgment prevailed. To have attempted to take the place by storm would have resulted surely in the murder of Dr. Brown.



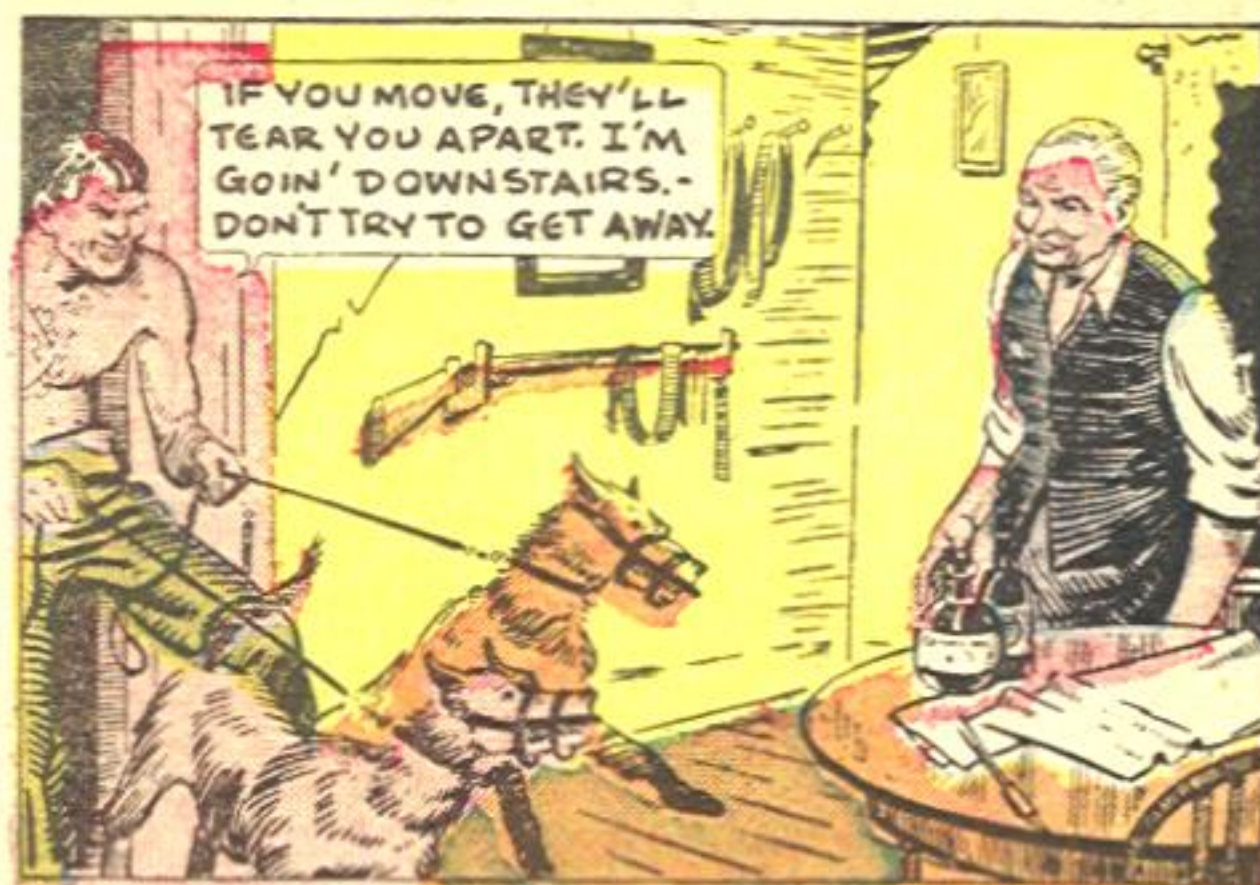
Wisely, Dr. Brown realized that his two friends must be outside awaiting an opportunity to attack, but fearing that he would be the first man to die, Brown asked for more adhesive and Sloan dispatched his gunmen to get it and also to steal a car. Sloan kept his gun on Brown every moment and there was murder in his eyes.



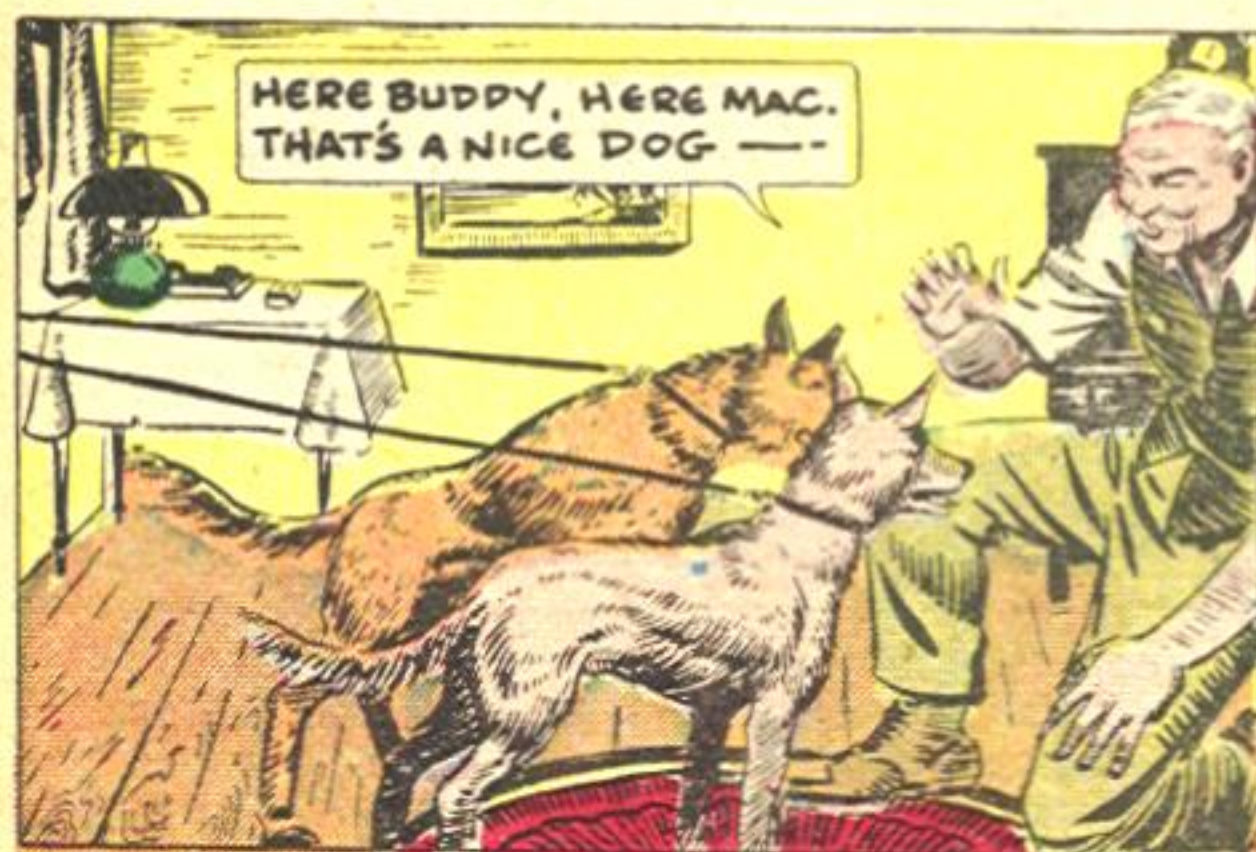
Lucky and Big Mike saw the two gunmen emerge and head for their car. Swiftly Big Mike went into action. He lunged for the crooks, grabbed them, and with a grunt of displeasure, he smashed their heads together. But one man whipped out his gun and fired a warning shot.



Killer Sloan heard the shot and instantly he knew what it meant. He would have to shoot it out. Vaguely he suspected the doctor of engineering this raid and he made up his mind to murder him. But he might prove an excellent hostage if things got too bad.



Sloan opened the door of an adjoining room and dragged out two vicious, half starved dogs. They were muzzled, but Sloan kept away from them. He bent down, stripped off the muzzles and removed the leash. With a laugh he ran downstairs where he might surprise the police. The dogs began to circle the doctor, snarling and baring their teeth.



The moment the killer left Dr. Brown smiled. He calmed the dogs with soft words and gestures of friendship. They responded quickly and their growls changed to yelps of pleasure. Undaunted by their former ferocity, Dr. Brown carefully approached them. A miracle had been accomplished. Brown could pass by those canine guards without harm. But he didn't leave. Instead he listened while the guns began to crack as Sloan shot it out with Lucky and Big Mike.



Sloan, from a window on the first floor, poured shot after shot into the darkness, firing at the orange streaks of light from the guns of the police. Coyne and Big Mike returned the fire. Sloan believed the house surrounded and determined to make a hostage of Dr. Brown.



Confidently Sloan raced back upstairs and laughed when he heard the scuffling of the dogs' paws on the floor. He opened the door before this avalanche of canine onslaught. He went down, pinned to the floor by the two heavy dogs. Dr. Brown scooped up the gun Sloan had dropped.



Lucky rushed in and overpowered Killer Sloan, pinned down by the dogs. Big Mike followed with the still unconscious crooks under his arms. Sloan listened in amazement as Coyne explained. Dr. Brown was a veterinary and these dogs knew him. Sloan was handcuffed and led away on his first step toward the electric chair.

GABBY FLYNN

I'M KIND TO DUMB ANIMALS; NEVER BEAT MY WIFE ON SUNDAYS, VISIT MY DENTIST TWICE A YEAR AND STILL I CAN'T WIN A RED CENT ON A LOUSY SWEEPSTAKES!

HOW WOULD YOU BOYS LIKE TO INTERVIEW THE BIRD WHO COPPED THE HEAVIEST SUGAR IN THE SWEEPS? WHO KNOWS...YOU MIGHT GET A LOOK AT THE DOUGH ANYWAY!

by
JIM
ERNST



WHERE'LL WE FIND THE BODY AND WHAT DOES IT CALL ITSELF, DAN?

THE LUCKY BOY IS NONE OTHER THAN MISTER-FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT WONG. SAID GENTLEMEN OWNS A LAUNDRY AT NUMBER FIFTEEN MOTT STREET IN CHINATOWN!



DON'T FORGET TO SHOW HIM YOUR PRESS CARD, GABBY!...HE MIGHT THINK YOU'RE TRYING TO SELL HIM AN ANNUITY AND SHUT UP LIKE THE PROVERBIAL CLAM!

I GET IT DAN... NO TICKEE, NO WASHEE!



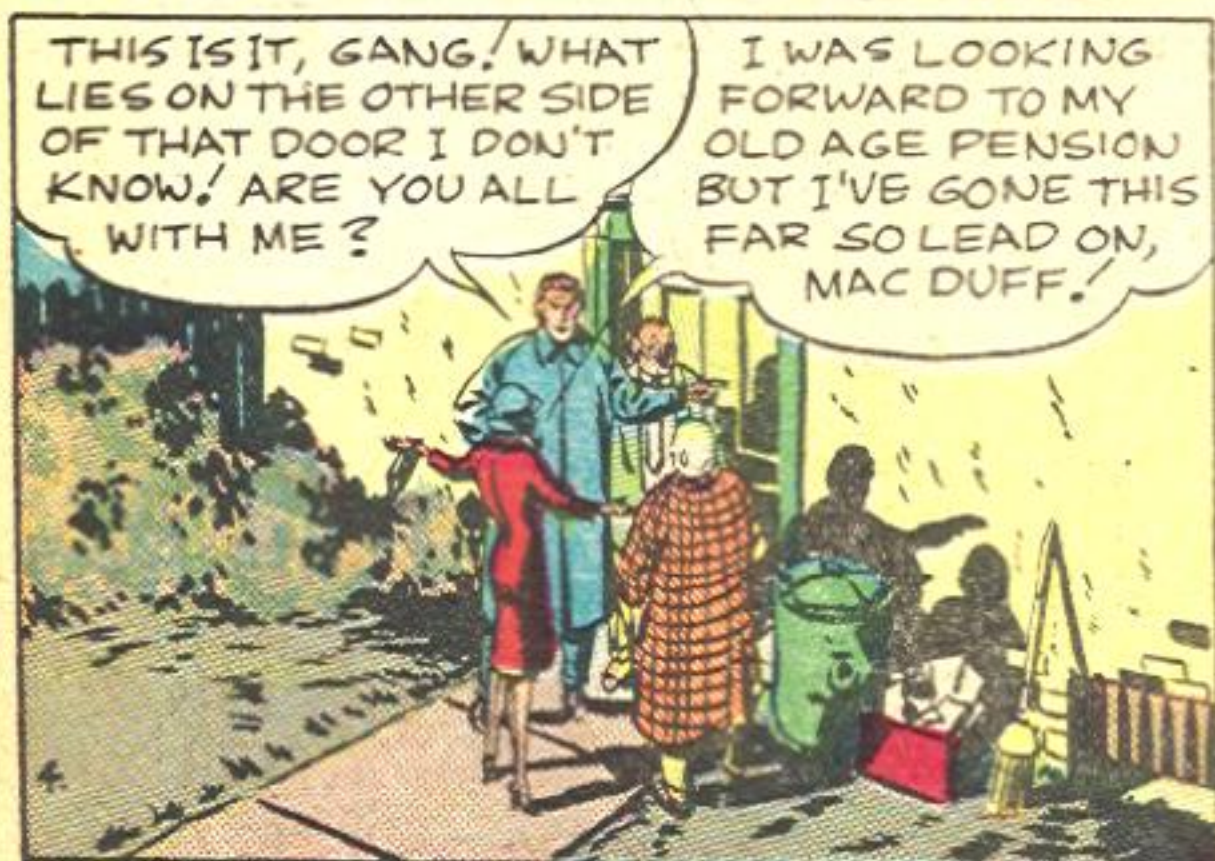
OUR MISTER WONG CERTAINLY MAKES THAT CRACK ABOUT NOT HAVING A CHINAMAN'S CHANCE LOOK SICK!

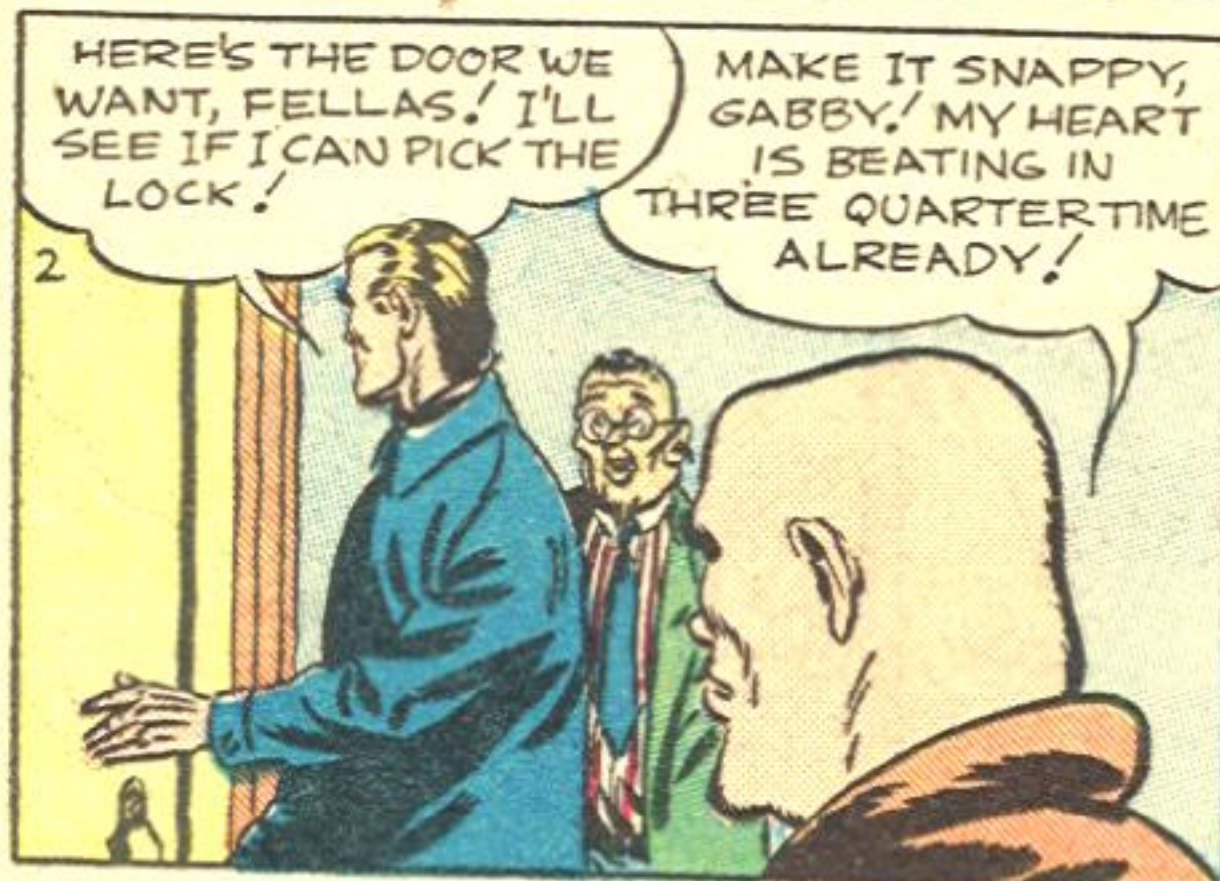
HE'LL PROBABLY BUY UP ALL THE CHOP SUEY IN TOWN AND BECOME A DICTATOR!

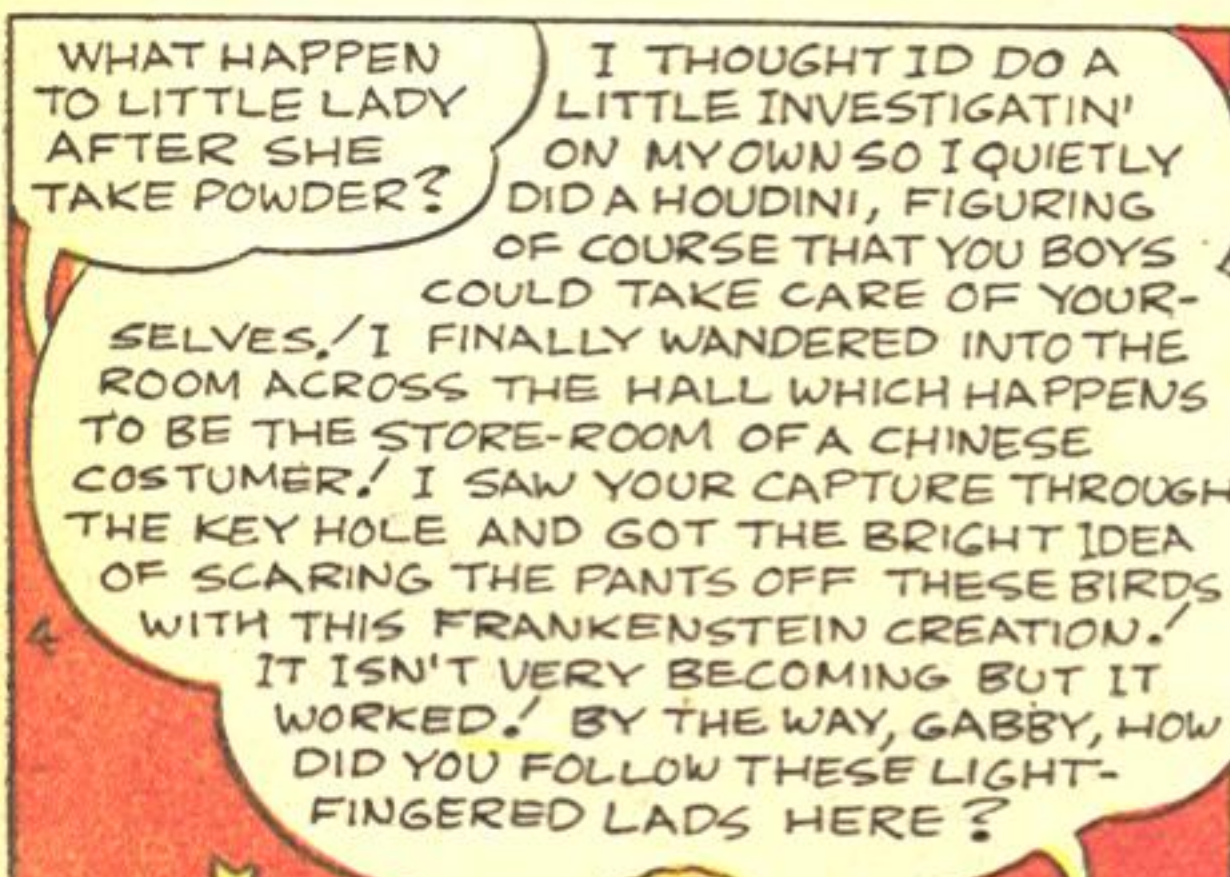










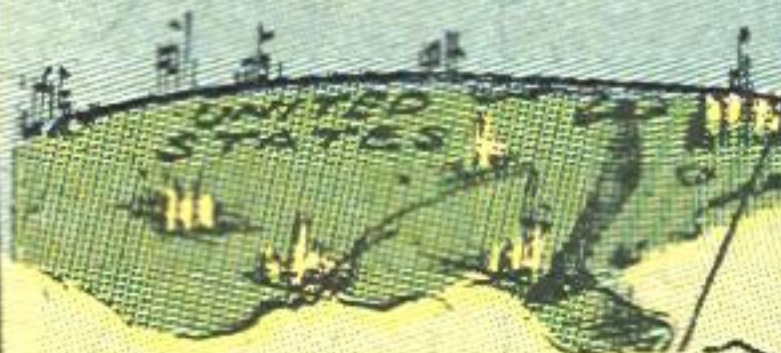


DETECTIONotes

WALLACE
BALDWIN
'38



J.
EDGAR
HOOVER,
HEAD OF THE
DEPARTMENT
OF JUSTICE AND
THE "WEST
POINT" OF POLICE SCHOOL, WASHINGTON.



SPECIALIZATION IN POLICE AND DETECTIVE DIVISIONS IS SPEEDING UP CRIME FIGHTING!

TODAY, ONE POLICE OFFICER OR GROUP OF OFFICERS COULD NEVER KEEP UP WITH EVERY TYPE OF CROOK THAT OPERATES IN LARGE CITIES. IN ORDER TO SPEED UP CRIME FIGHTING CERTAIN MEN ASSIGNED TO PARTICULAR TYPE OF CRIMINALS, SOME DETECTIVES WORK ONLY ON THE CAPTURE OF PICK-POCKETS - OTHERS ARE FAMILIAR WITH THE WAYS OF SAFE CRACKERS.



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TYPE	CORE		
TL	U		
NAME		LEFT THUMB	
OFFENCE		John Doe	
F.P.C. 52000		Burglary	
		17U-000	
		L.D. 1A	
		R.S. 60621	
		C	
		3	
		19	
		F	
		O	
		G	



Checked
by MR.



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2 Sky Bombs (two shot).....	.10	1 Red Torch.....	.10
5 Roman Candles (10 ball).....	.50	1 Sky Bottle.....	.10
5 Sky Rockets (stars).....	.50	1 Pkg. Lady Crackers.....	.15
10 Niggerchoppers.....	.10	1 Erupting Volcano.....	.10
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1 Penny Flash Salutes.....	.10	1 Whistling Cyclone.....	.10
5 Glittercracks.....	.10	3 Giant Liberty Salutes.....	.10
10 Bombshell Salutes.....	.25	1 Ex. Lg. Whistling Hand Grenade.....	.15
1 Whistling Toner Bomb.....	.15	2 Gyro Flyers.....	.10
16 Sparklers.....	.10	1 Mammoth Jumbo Pkg. Zebra Crackers.....	.15
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